Rules of Life for Boys and Girls

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Marion Colman

Week-Day Lessons in Religion

(JUNIOR GRADES)

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RULES OF LIFE
FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

Rules of Life For Boys and Girls

Week-Day Lessons in Religion
(Junior Grades)

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INTRODUCTION

RELIGIOUS Education is undergoing rapid and fundamental changes in organization and in curriculum. In organization the ecclesiastical and the professional ideals are each striving for supremacy. In the field of the curriculum the secular and the spiritual are struggling for control.

Since the close of the World War the most significant development in the field of public education is the rapid effort to socialize the curriculum, on the theory that the social sciences should be at the heart of the curriculum of a democracy's schools. It is natural, therefore, that the church school curriculum should be influenced profoundly by the technique which is dominating the reconstruction of the public school curriculum.

One group of religious educators is borrowing the technique of public educators, and reproducing for the church schools a socialized, though largely secularized, curriculum. Another group believes that though there is much of public school technique that can lend itself to the service of Religious Education, it is not correct to suppose that the training which would make a good public school teacher will make an efficient teacher of religion. Religious Education has a technique peculiar to the nature and ends of religious experience. Religious Education has also a content as well as a technique. The history, psychology and philosophy of religion; its literature, its organization and its development, etc., must be mastered through long and arduous study by those who are to speak with authority on the technique of Religious Education.

The movement towards socializing the program of Religious Education finds it hard to keep from being caught up with the rapid development of humanism in our modern times. A careful perusal of current literature under such titles as " The Humanity of Christianity," the " Identity of Religion and Democracy," " Finding God in Our Fellow-Men," will show how rapidly Christianity is falling captive to humanism.

In the midst of these conflicting theories the religious educator should have thorough psychological and philosophical training, and be a profound student of the history of religion and especially Christian religion, its literature, its institutions and its influence on the lives of men.

Just now a *child-centered* program is seeking to supplant what its advocates call a *book-centered* program. Subject matter is subordinated, and the child is magnified; racial knowledge and experience is minimized, and the spontaneous self-activity of the unfolding child is made the infallible guide for parents and teachers. The new slogan is even more dangerous than the old which it seeks to displace. The truth must include the child, racial experience, God, eternal truths and values—all of which must have a place in a well-balanced philosophy of education.

Under-emphasis frequently finds its reaction in over-emphasis. An older philosophy affirmed *structure* and denied *function*. To this school an engine was fully defined in terms of wheels, pistons, boilers, smokestack, etc. Its behavior was no part of it. A newer philosophy, seeking to correct the older philosophy, affirms *function* and denies *structure*. To this school an engine may be fully defined in terms of speed, or swiftness, and wheels and pistons are constructs which come into existence as a by-product of speed. Its structure is no part of it.

We are today witnessing reactions in the field of Relig-

ious Education in which false emphasis is being popularized by fallacious slogans.

At this critical period in the development of Religious Education, a new literature is arising. The conflicting schools are producing their propaganda texts. A specialized method or a particular philosophy must have its peculiar series of textbooks, and training schools must arise to prepare leaders for the new method. The market is now being flooded with curricula material which is highly specialized in the interest of various religious, philosophical or pedagogical concepts.

It is refreshing, therefore, to find a work produced by a scholar who is not a faddist. Miss Colman's book is not the exemplification of a new method based on a one-sided view, or a partial view, of reality. It is not a compromise seeking to equate or reconcile incompatible theories, but a synoptic work old as truth itself, including the best which good teachers of all ages have found to be valid, and new emphasis which new experience has approved.

It is not a project manual—though it uses with skill the so-called project principle. It is not based on "social situations," though this emphasis has been given a place in keeping with its relative importance in a balanced program. It is neither *book-centered* not *child-centered*, but rather *God-centered*. In the midst of a flood of texts which are special pleaders for current educational fads, one welcomes a text which has breadth, sanity, unity, comprehensiveness.

The author of this series of lessons has a clear-cut philosophy of Christian education. Her objective is the development of religious persons. To a thorough knowledge of metaphysics and philosophy she has added the mastery of the technique of modern education, and the subject matter of religious instruction. The lessons presented in

this volume have been written for actual classes under the author's direction.

In the midst of a shower of texts handed down by professional textbook makers from distant committee rooms, one welcomes a text handed up from actual classroom experience. This is a forerunner of the new type of textbooks upon which religious educators will depend increasingly for curriculum material.

The author of this text would be the last to claim infallibility for her text. It is not presented as the last word in curricula construction. In the book, however, a highly skilled classroom technician hands over to her fellow-teachers a body of textbook material which has met, with a large measure of success, the tests of actual classroom use.

WALTER S. ATHEARN.

Boston University.

AUTHOR'S FOREWORD TO TEACHERS

In an age notorious for its lawlessness, for its self-indulgence, its materialism, there comes a persistent cry to the churches: Teach the children religion; teach the children religion! This cry does not come from church members only; it is the cry of the world at large, and in the very fact of its being uttered there is occasion for great hope. An age is not lost which knows its need and senses the direction from which to receive aid. Herein is the great opportunity of the Church, that she heed the challenge. She *must* teach the children religion, and in so doing she will liberate undreamed-of forces of righteousness in the world.

One necessary phase of religious education is knowledge of the laws of God. Such knowledge forms the basis of Christian character. The following course of lessons aims to present the laws of God in a positive, practical way, and to interpret them according to the experiences of boys and girls. The Ten Commandments are taught with emphasis upon the great fundamental virtues which underlie them, rather than upon the negative aspects. The teachings of Jesus are brought down from the realm of the idealistic and impractical, where many people thrust them, and placed where the children can see their application to everyday life. Lessons in honour, reverence and filial respect—lessons in love and service and sacrifice—we cannot begin them too soon nor emphasize them too strongly.

The Child. But in our enthusiasm for subject matter of such an inspiring nature, we must not forget that our

primary consideration is not subject matter, but boys and girls. This has been said by almost every one who has written a text or manual for religious education; it needs to be said again and again. The individual needs of the members of our classes—herein is our challenge and our opportunity.

This course of lessons is planned for children of Junior age in the Church School—that is, children of nine, ten and eleven years. By adaptation it may be extended to children a little older or a little younger. Children of these years are usually healthy, full of boundless energy, eager to learn, able to memorize easily, quick to detect shams, hero-loving, impressionable, abounding in loyalty, and altogether a most stimulating group with which to work. At this time they may be fired with loyalties that will last a lifetime, or neglected and misguided so that they are lost to the Church after the first crisis.

The Program. To users of this book in week-day schools of religion, a few suggestions in regard to the program should be made.

It is desirable that the school be opened with a period of worship. Have a real worship service; do not have "opening exercises." The former is just as easy as the latter, if the leader infuses into the group a sense of the presence of God and His desire to have His children in communion with Him. Do not try to get "pep" into your service. Enthusiastic participation is highly desirable, but the condition commonly known as "pep" is as destructive of real worship as is apathy and indifference.

Children love to participate in the orders of service, and therefore a set of worship programs—one program for each month in the school year—is included in the appendix of this book. These orders of service may be mimeographed and copies placed in the hands of the children.

A suggested prayer for the leader is given for each month, though these, of course, do not appear on the mimeograph sheet. These prayers are included because of two very prevalent faults in prayers offered on occasions of this kind. In the first place, the prayers are often much too long. Children are unable to fix their attention on one thing for so long a time. Habits of inattention and irreverence are formed, thus defeating our very purpose in having a service of worship. In the second place, the leader often prays from the adult standpoint and not at all from the child standpoint. The child can not participate because it is not the kind of prayer his heart would make. "O Lord, help us to teach these dear children," is very good in private, but not in the presence of the children themselves.

In the appendix are given a few musical responses.

A story for the worship period is given with each lesson rather than placed in the appendix with the orders of service. This is done in order that the book may be started at any time in the year, and also that the stories may be used in the class if desired rather than in the assembly.

The second division of the week-day school session is the class period in which the lesson from the Bible is taught. The method of teaching will be determined largely by the available equipment and the experience and preference of the teacher. The story-telling method followed by discussion is one which perhaps lends itself most easily to all situations. Therefore, with each lesson a story from the Bible is given in a form in which it may be told, also hints to the teacher on points to be brought out in the discussion.

There should be memory work at each session with frequent review and drill in order that it may be retained.

The Ten Commandments and the selected verses from the Sermon on the Mount should be the minimum requirement in memory work. Hymns and Scripture passages from the orders of service, the First Psalm and the Beatitudes may also be memorized.

After the lesson from the Bible, if time and equipment permit, there may be a period of expressional activity or special features. With each lesson there is given a list of practical activities through which the child may apply the teaching during the week; the teacher may well select from among these activities those which seem most suitable to the time and to the children. The activities are so arranged that some of them can be done during the class hour, if desired. The teacher should make the assignments definite and explicit, should give illustrations when necessary and should always call for reports at the specified time. There may be other handwork or projects of various sorts, notebook work, dramatics, games. Some churches recommend the use of the moving picture and stereopticon slides in the week-day schools. A period of supervised study in which the pupils prepare the lesson for the following week may be found of value.

When the children reassemble for the closing exercises they may rehearse unfamiliar portions of the worship programs. New hymns and responses should be explained and taught at this time. You can not worship with totally unfamiliar material. For this reason, on the first day of meeting, if the suggested hymns and responses are new to the children, it will be better to substitute something familiar until there has been a chance to try over the new.

The author is well aware that no knowledge of God's laws, however complete, is of value if it fails to affect

conduct—if the learner does not become a "doer of the word." And no act of outward conformity to any moral code will suffice if in the heart there is no love of God, no sense of personal allegiance to the Lord Christ. All through the course, therefore, and particularly in the last four lessons, there has been the attempt to strengthen the desire for obedience through love and loyalty. The inmost essentials of the religious experience cannot be taught, but the way can be opened for them. To us is given that blessed commission: In the hearts of His boys and girls, prepare ye the way of the Lord.

M. C.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

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I

OLD TESTAMENT LESSONS

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LESSON I

GOD SPEAKING TO HIS PEOPLE

Aim. To introduce the giving of the Old Testament laws in such a way that reverence and the desire for obedience will be fostered.

Scripture Material. Exodus 19; 24: 1-8; Deuteronomy 6: 5.

Memory Verse. Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy might.

For the Child to Do. 1. On a map of the world locate Egypt and Palestine. How large is Palestine, compared to this country?

2. Find out how long it would take to travel from here to Egypt and Palestine. If the members of the class do not know anyone who travels abroad, any company that arranges tours or a travel information bureau will gladly give the information.

3. Appoint a delegation to ask the pastor of the church if new members joining the church enter into a covenant with the present members. If so, bring a copy of this covenant to the class.

4. The class and the teacher may enter into an agreement illustrating the making of a covenant; for instance, if the class agrees to read certain Scripture selections daily for a designated period, the teacher agrees to place the names of the members on an honour roll, or to give each a small badge in recognition of faithfulness.

THE STORY FROM THE BIBLE

The Bible tells us many stories about a people called the children of Israel. For years the children of Israel had been a slave people in the land of Egypt. They were kept in bondage and made to work very hard, but at last

God sent them a mighty leader, whose name was Moses; and Moses helped them to escape from the cruel Egyptians. He led them in the quest for a beautiful country which they were to have for their own. All the time that they were on their journey God was their guide, protector and friend.

When the children of Israel had been gone about three months from the land of Egypt, they came to a wilderness near a mountain called Sinai. Here God spoke to Moses and told him He wanted to make a covenant with the people; He wanted to tell them some things to do and some things not to do, and have an agreement which every one would understand. "If ye will obey my voice indeed, and keep my covenant," God said, "then ye shall be mine own possession from among all peoples: for all the earth is mine: and ye shall be a holy nation."

Moses told the people what God had said, and they were willing to do as God wanted them to do. So Moses began at once to make ready for this great occasion when God should reveal Himself to the people and make a covenant with them. The people were told to wash their clothes and to keep themselves very clean. A boundary was set beyond which they must not pass, and Moses went alone up into the mountain.

Then the people, watching, saw a wonderful sight. The mountain began to smoke and the earth to quake. There was the sound of thunder and the note of the trumpet, and fire appeared on the top of the mountain. They knew that God was causing this, but they were afraid. They said they would rather have Moses speak to them than to have God speak to them Himself.

Out of the fire and the smoke and the thunder came the voice of God. He gave to Moses the Covenant—that is, the Ten Commandments which He wanted the people

to obey. We are going to learn the Ten Commandments, one at a time, this year, and try to see just what each of them means—not only what they meant to the children of Israel but what they can mean to us. It is just as important for us to keep them today as it was for the children of Israel so long ago. Every one who thinks about it at all knows that these ten great laws are the very foundation of right living.

After receiving the commandments Moses told the people the words of God, and all the people with one voice answered, "All the words which the Lord hath spoken, we will do." Then Moses built an altar, and the people worshipped God, and promised that they would not break the covenant which He had made with them.

Hints to the Teacher. This is an information lesson, here presented as a background for the teaching of the commandments. Try this time to impress upon the pupils the facts of the story rather than an ethical teaching. The ethical teachings are to be emphasized later. Oral or written questions, or the retelling of the story by the children themselves will make the facts of the lesson stand out. Tell them that the memory verse for today is not included in the laws which we know as the Ten Commandments, but it is one of the greatest of the Old Testament laws.

A STORY FOR THE WORSHIP PERIOD

Company B and the Covenant

Robert and William and Benjamin Brown had just finished their supper and were playing with a new game. Of course Robert and William and Benjamin Brown were never called Robert and William and Benjamin. They were called Bennie and Billy and Bob. Bennie was the youngest, and Bob was the oldest, and Billy came in between.

Just as they reached a most interesting point in the new game, they heard their father calling, "Company B!" Now, "Company B" was the name that Dad always called when he wanted all three boys at once. Tonight Dad's voice came from the other end of the house and at first sounded very faint, like this, "Company B."

"What do you suppose Dad wants?" said Bob, who usually spoke first.

"I dunno," said Billy, who usually spoke in between.

"Let's play like we don't hear," said Bennie, who usually spoke last.

Then Dad's voice came a little louder, like this, "*Company B!*"

"I think maybe we ought to go," said Bob, and Billy and Bennie didn't say anything.

Then Dad's voice came very loud, like this, "COMPANY B!!" And all three boys jumped up, Bob going first and Bennie going last and Billy going in between.

"Well now, I was wondering where my Company B could be," said Dad, smiling as the three boys stood before him. "I've been thinking that it is only about two months until Christmas, and perhaps it would be a good plan to make a covenant."

"Yes, sure," said the boys. "How do we make it? With boards and nails?"

"Not with boards and nails; just a piece of paper," said Dad. "Listen, and I will tell you what I mean. A covenant is an agreement, a promise. Now if you boys will promise to help Mother cheerfully every time she wants you, and to study your lessons promptly, and not to tease little sister, I will promise to give you each a dollar a week. That will be eight dollars apiece by Christmas. What do you think about it? Is it a go?"

"Yes, sure," said the boys. "That will be great."

"Fine!" said Dad. "Now let's write this up and sign it and have it witnessed and fixed in good shape."

So Dad wrote it all down on a piece of paper, just as I have told you, only he put in some big words such as the lawyers use. "We must have witnesses," said Dad. "Call Mother and Sister so that they can see us sign it and then sign it themselves."

"But Sister can't write," said Bob.

"Never mind. We'll fix that," said Dad.

Mother came in, and the little sister who had not yet been to school. "That's a good covenant," said Mother. "I'd witness one of those any day. But what do you want Sister to do?"

"Why, Sister is going to witness it, too," said Dad. He took the little girl in his arms. "Listen, Louise; these boys and I have made each other a promise. If you say you saw us do it, that will help us to keep it. Will you?"

Little Sister Louise nodded so hard that one of her curls almost flew into Dad's mouth.

"Good!" said Dad. "Now Bob can write Sister's name, 'Louise Brown, her mark,' and Sister can make a little cross mark. That will be two witnesses. Long ago, when a great many grown up people couldn't write, that was the way they had to do."

So Dad signed it, and each of the boys signed it, and Mother signed it, then Sister Louise took the pencil in her chubby little fingers and made a funny little cross mark in the place where Dad said; and the thing was done. Dad shook hands with the boys and invited them to "call again." They laughed, and ran back to their play.

"So that's a covenant," said Bob. "With some things to do and some things not to do, and a promise on both

sides. I'm glad we've got one, aren't you?" And Billy and Bennie said that they were.

Now I have told you a little made-up story about the making of a covenant. In your classes your teachers will tell you a story from the Bible about how God made a covenant with His people.

LESSON 2

PUTTING GOD FIRST

Aim. To teach the child how to "put God first" in his everyday life, showing that the negative command not to serve false gods is insufficient; we must love the true God with all our hearts.

Scripture Material. Exodus 20:3-6; 32:1-6, 15-20.

Memory Verses. Commandments I and II.

Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image.

For the Child to Do. 1. Keep a record for a week of the amount of time spent in religious study and devotions, also any definite acts of service done with the religious motive in mind.

2. After making this record, the members of the class should decide if they have been "putting God first" or if they ought to give more time and thought to God and religion.

3. A delegation from the class may write a letter to a returned missionary asking for a description of idols he or she has seen.

4. Make a small model of the tables of stone. Doré's painting of "Moses' Descent from the Mount" will serve as an illustration. If modeling clay is not available, equal parts of flour and salt mixed with enough water to make it adhere will make an inexpensive "dough" for modeling. Use water sparingly. Dry on waxed paper for three days, after which it may be packed away. Handwork should be marked with the pupil's name and saved for an exhibition at the close of the year.

THE STORY FROM THE BIBLE

When the children of Israel were in the land of Egypt, they were with a people who thought there were many gods. The Egyptians worshipped the sun and the moon, and they worshipped ugly images of cows and other animals. The Lord God, who is the only true God, did not want the children of Israel to be so foolish as the Egyptians—worshipping something that had no life and no feeling and no power, so the first commandment that He gave to Moses was, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." Then the second, one which spoke especially about the idols made of wood and stone and metals, was, "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image."

God spoke the Commandments to Moses, you remember, and Moses told the people, who promised to obey. Then God told Moses to come again into Mount Sinai so He could give him the law written on tables of stone. Moses took with him a young man named Joshua, and went again up the mountainside, into the presence of God. Here God told Moses many things. He told him how to make a beautiful box to be called the Ark of the Covenant, which was to hold the book of the Law and remind the people of their promise. He told him how He wanted the leaders of the people to be dressed when they came to worship. Greatest of all, He wrote the Ten Commandments on two great pieces of stone called tables, and gave them to Moses to bring to the people.

All this took a great deal of time. For forty days and forty nights, Moses stayed there in Mount Sinai, talking to God. Then he and Joshua started back to camp.

When they got part way down the mountainside, they began to hear a noise. Joshua said, "There is a noise of war in the camp." But Moses said it was not the noise

of war but the sound of singing that he heard. Sure enough, as they drew closer, they could tell that the people were shouting and singing and dancing wildly about a queer object that looked a little like a calf.

Then a most terrible feeling swept over Moses. To think that the people had forgotten God and His commandments already and were worshipping this image! He lifted the tables of stone which he carried—the stones that had the Ten Commandments written upon them—and flung them to the ground, where they were broken on the rocks! Then he took the calf which they had made and burned it and ground it to powder and threw it on the water, where the people would have to drink it. He asked Aaron, his brother whom he had left in charge of things, how it happened that he had allowed this, but Aaron was full of excuses. The people were bound to have it, he said. Moses had been gone so long they thought he wasn't coming back. Aaron had told them to bring their ornaments of gold and had made a calf for them, such as they had seen in Egypt.

Although Moses knew that the people had been very wicked, he began to feel sorry for them. He was afraid that God would refuse to guide and bless them, and would not allow them to become a great and holy nation. Moses went back to the mountain and prayed earnestly that God would forgive them. He even asked to bear the punishment himself, but God said that the one who had done the wrong would have to bear the punishment.

So the people who had done wrong had to suffer very much, but God did not stop loving and caring for them. Some new tables of the Law were made to replace the ones that Moses had broken, and after a while they went on their journey toward the beautiful country which God had promised them for their own.

Hints to the Teacher. Review the memory verse of last week and drill the children on the first two commandments. Ask the children if they can see any connection. We might call the main idea in each of them, "Putting God First." In one we are told what to do, and in the other what not to do, in order to put God first. Do not allow the children to think that because they do not worship idols they are safe in respect to these two commandments. Let them suggest ways in which they can give more time and thought to the Heavenly Father.

Explain what is meant by "graven image" and "tables of stone" and any other unfamiliar things in the lesson.

The punishment of the children of Israel for this particular sin is too terrible to be taught to our little ones (Ex. 32:7-29), but they should be made fully conscious of the fact that wrongdoing must be punished.

A STORY FOR THE WORSHIP PERIOD

Putting God First in Japan

Several years ago in Japan, away over the ocean, there lived a little girl whose name we shall call Kitty San. Of course her real name isn't Kitty San, but that sounds a little bit like it. Some of her little American friends call her Kitty San, and she thinks that it makes a very good nickname.

When Kitty San was nine years old her father and mother began to plan to send her away to school. "I hear that the School of the Living Water in the city of Nagasaki is a good school," said her father. "Shall we send her there?"

"Oh, but that is a Christian school," said Kitty San's mother.

"I know," her father replied. "But I hear that it is a very good school and teaches many things besides religion."

Kitty San's father and mother were not Christian people, but nevertheless they finally decided to send their little nine-year-old daughter to the School of the Living Water in the city of Nagasaki. In the Japanese language the name of the school is called Kwassui. Can you say that? Let's say it all together, "Kwas-su-e."

Kitty San liked Kwassui very much, and she learned, oh, so many things! But the greatest thing she learned was that there is only one God. All the queer, ugly-looking idols and images that she had seen so many times were not God, and did not have power to do any of the things that the people thought they did. Kitty San learned to say the verse, "The Lord thy God is one Lord, and thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy might." She learned the other commandments, too: "Thou shalt have no other gods before me," and "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image." She not only learned to say the verses but she learned to put God first in her life and to love Him with all her heart and soul.

Kitty San went for many years to Kwassui, the School of the Living Water in the city of Nagasaki. From time to time she came home to see her father and mother and her brothers and sisters. She was so kind and so loving, and all the time so happy, that they sometimes wondered about it, and asked her why. She answered, "It is because I am a Christian. I should like to have you become Christians. It is very beautiful to be a Christian." Sometimes she would tell them what she had learned of the Christians' God, and how He wants His children to love Him.

After a while, one by one, her father and her brothers and sisters became Christians, until all the family was Christian except her mother. Her mother said, "No, no.

I cannot give up my idols." For, you see, Kitty San's mother had some of these strange images, and she had believed for a long, long time that they were gods who had power to do many things.

Kitty San grew and grew. She didn't grow very large, to be sure, for Japanese girls as a rule do not grow to be so tall as American girls, but her heart and her soul grew large—yes, even larger than many Americans' hearts and souls, I am quite sure. Kitty San's mother became very proud of her. At last one day she said to herself, "Could these idols, made of wood and stone, have made my daughter so lovely and so good? I do not believe they could. I will throw away my idols and I, too, will be a Christian."

It was a very happy day for Kitty San when all her family came to believe as she did and to love God with all their hearts. Now the family is all scattered. Some of the brothers and sisters are in this country, some are in China, and some are on islands far out in the sea, but the father and mother are still in Japan. And the mother, who for so long would not give up her idols, now loves God so much that every Sunday morning she does not take time to eat her breakfast. She goes out by herself and talks with God and asks Him to bless her children far away. And I just imagine she asks a special blessing for the one who taught her to put God first.

LESSON 3

USING GOD'S NAME

Aim. To teach reverence, showing how a true love for God's name will keep us from using it profanely or thoughtlessly.

Scripture Material. Exodus 3:1-14; 20:7; Matthew 6:9.

Memory Verse. Commandment III. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain.

For the Child to Do. 1. Write a short composition about a person whose name is held in high regard.

2. Compare the 121st Psalm in the King James version and the American Revised. Write a version of the Psalm, using the poetical form of the Revised Version, substituting "the Lord" for the name "Jehovah."

3. Write a short prayer for God's aid in standing for pure and reverent speech. The teacher should make an opportunity for the best prayers to be used in class.

4. Make a booklet with a picture of a stained glass window and a picture of Christ. Print in it the memory verse for today and the words, "Hallowed be Thy Name."

5. In preparation for Lesson 4, a class of girls should rehearse the playlet, "The Best Day."

THE STORY FROM THE BIBLE

The third commandment that God gave to Moses was, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain." In order to understand what God's name meant to the children of Israel, we must go back for a number of years to the time when they were still living in the land of Egypt. Moses was out in the wilderness keeping

sheep for his father-in-law, but he often thought of his people as they struggled there in Egypt, trying to lift great stones that were much too heavy for men to lift, and being beaten with cruel whips whenever they failed.

One day as Moses was caring for the sheep he saw a strange thing. A flame of fire appeared in a bush but the bush did not burn. Moses thought he would go nearer to find out about it, but just then he heard a voice calling him, "Moses, Moses." And he said, "Here am I." Then the voice said, "Draw not nigh hither: put off the shoes from off thy feet for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground. I am the God of thy fathers." Then Moses was afraid, but God told him that He had seen the way the children of Israel had to suffer in Egypt, and He wanted Moses to become their leader and help them to escape.

At first it seemed to Moses that he could not do it, but God promised to be with him and help him. "What shall I tell the people," said Moses, "when they ask me the name of the God who has sent me to them?"

And God said to Moses, "I AM THAT I AM. Thus shalt thou say to the children of Israel, 'I AM hath sent me unto you.'"

Now this would seem to us like a very strange name indeed, but we can explain it by thinking of God as the One who lives, who always has lived and who always will live. Of course we must remember that in the language which the children of Israel spoke, the words which have this meaning sound very different from ours. The name for God which comes to us from those words in that old, old language is Jehovah.

When Moses gave the children of Israel the Ten Commandments and they learned the third one, which is, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in

vain," they became very careful of how they used this name for God, and at last came to feel that they should not speak it at all. Even when they came to it in their Bible, they would not pronounce the name, but would say "the Lord."

Jesus taught us to think of God as the Heavenly Father, and to speak of Him and to Him in this way. He said that His name should be hallowed, that is, it should be honoured and loved.

For a great many hundreds of years, the Bible was not written in English. When men wrote it in English they did not write God's name, but did the same thing that the children of Israel had done: they called Him "The Lord." But after a while some men in America made a Bible in which they used the name, "Jehovah." They thought we ought to know God's name and use it and love it. So it happens that in some of our Bibles God is called "The Lord," and in others He is called "Jehovah." Some of us like it better one way and some another.

The name that people most often take in vain, is the word "God." The word "God" should be used when we are thinking of Jehovah, our Heavenly Father, but people sometimes say it when they are angry or when their thoughts are idle and foolish. Anyone who really loves the Heavenly Father wants always to remember Him with reverence and respect.

Hints to the Teacher. The story for the worship period illustrates the idea of reverence for a name. Let the children recall heroes of the world's history or of our own American life whose names are held in high regard, such as Lincoln and Washington, for example. Often, too, in the life of the local church or community there have been people whose names are always spoken with great affection and respect.

Review the two previous lessons by letting the children name things that God had done for the Children of Israel that should make them love and honour His name. What does He do for us today? Point out the ugliness and folly of swearing. If you can get the right atmosphere at the close of the lesson, have a brief period of prayer for reverence. The first line of the Lord's Prayer may well be used.

A STORY FOR THE WORSHIP PERIOD

We Love His Name[1]

Far away and long ago there lived, just outside the walls of a great city, a boy named Felix. Felix had never been through the gate into the city, but he used to pretend that he went there often on important errands. For that was what Felix's father did—went on important errands for Bonifer, the ruler of all the country round about.

Felix would listen eagerly when his father told him of his work, which sometimes kept him busy with Bonifer in the castle, sometimes led him around the great city, and once in a while sent him with important messages galloping away on a white horse to distant cities.

Felix loved to hear his father's stories, and for days after would pretend, when he was gathering sticks for his mother to build a fire or helping about the house, that he was doing it all for Bonifer.

Now one day Felix's father came to say farewell to his little family, for he was about to start on a journey. "A thousand of us leave today for a city many leagues from here," he said. "Bonifer has heard of great wrongs being done in that city, and the children are suffering.

[1] Adapted from a story by Jeanette E. Perkins. Used by permission, Congregational Sunday School Extension Society.

We go to right the wrongs and take help to the little ones." Then he kissed them good-by, and was off.

It was only a few days later that a sorrowful thing happened. Felix's mother fell ill and could not raise herself from her couch.

Poor Felix did not know what to do. He gathered wood and built fires, and warmed the baby's milk, and rubbed his mother's aching head, but for all that, Baby Carl cried, and mother grew worse and worse until, if he had not been a brave boy he would have cried himself. On the second day he was beginning to wonder if he dared to enter the great city alone, and ask for help, when, as he was coming in with an armful of wood, he saw a stranger riding toward the house. The stranger jumped from his horse and called as he came up to the door:

"Ho, lad, what are you doing with that great pile of wood?"

And because Felix was pretending, as usual, he answered promptly, without thinking, "I'm working for Bonifer."

"Good," said the stranger, "so am I. But what is Bonifer to you?"

Felix's mother looked up at the stranger just entering. "Good-morrow, sir, and welcome," she said weakly, and then, answering the stranger's question, "Bonifer is but a name to the child, sir. He has never seen him."

"A name I like," added Felix, "for it means my father's master, and one who loves little children."

"His name means much to us all," agreed the stranger, "for he is the kindest of rulers. My errand to you is a part of his kindness. He has sent me to look up the families of those in his service who are away on difficult missions, and to bring help if help is needed."

"Oh, how kind!" breathed Felix's mother.

"Bonifer will be glad I found you," the stranger went on, "and it will be easier to help you if you move into the city, nearer him. I shall tell him of you at once, and he will send his carriage to take you there."

"O Mother!" cried Felix when the stranger had left, "how good Bonifer is! Now when I hear his name I shall think of a man who is my father's noble master, and one who loves little children, and one who is kind to sick people. No wonder people love him."

When the carriage came, Bonifer's servants lifted the sick woman very carefully inside, and Felix, carrying Carl on his lap, rode beside his mother, wondering at all the strange sights they passed on the way. Through the city they drove, until they came to a building close to the castle itself. There were flowers and vines at the windows, and happy children in a playground near by.

Inside the building were big, airy rooms, with soft white beds, and women who tenderly lifted Felix's mother into one of them and cared for her. They took the baby, too, and put him to sleep, and after they had given Felix a big bowl of soup and bread they told him he could go out and play. As he came near the children on the playground, he heard them talking together.

"I want to be just like Bonifer when I grow up," one child said.

"So do I," shouted the rest. "He is so brave," said one. "And so kind," said another.

"Don't you want to be like Bonifer?" asked one of Felix.

"I think he is the kindest man I ever heard about," said Felix, "but I've never seen him."

"Oh, wait till you *know* him!" the children cried,

" you'll love him just as we do. We love to say over his name—Bonifer—Bonifer—because it stands for him."

" We love his name," said one child softly.

Felix was growing more and more anxious to meet his father's master. But how could he manage it? Suddenly he had an idea! Turning toward the entrance of the playground he ran as fast as his legs would carry him to the street. He never stopped running until he came to an opening in the castle wall. Beside it stood a guard.

" Where to, my lad? " asked the guard.

" I want to see Bonifer," announced Felix, very red from running.

Now one of the orders given by Bonifer to the guards of the castle was that no child should ever be denied a request to see him, so Felix was allowed to enter the big room of the castle where Bonifer spent most of his time. As Felix came in, panting from his run, hot and eager, a man, who was studying some books spread over a table, looked up.

" Well, my boy? " he said kindly.

" I want to see Bonifer," Felix told him breathlessly.

" I am Bonifer," said the man. Felix looked at him. His face and voice were so kind that it was easy to believe all that had been said about him.

" Come here," invited Bonifer, and held out his hand. Felix went to him, and when he felt Bonifer's kind arm around him, he spoke without the least shyness, looking straight into Bonifer's eyes:

" Oh, please, I want to be your page! "

" My page? " repeated Bonifer in surprise, " why do you wish that? "

" Because," explained Felix, " I have heard so many things about you that I want to know you. I will work

for you and go on errands for you, as my father does. I always wanted to serve you, and now I can't wait!"

Bonifer laughed.

"Are you the boy who was practising serving me by bringing in wood for your mother this morning?" he asked. "I have heard about you. I think you are quite fitted to be my page." And he put a gold chain around Felix's neck and made him page.

You can imagine with what happiness and pride Felix hurried to tell his mother. He went to live in the castle and served Bonifer faithfully. And the more Felix learned to know his master, and the good works he did, the more the name of Bonifer meant to him. Every day he met more people who loved the good ruler. Everywhere the little page went he found his master's name hallowed, and precious, and loved.

For years Felix was a page in Bonifer's castle until the time came when he was too old to be a page any longer. But he never left Bonifer's service.

Whenever he went to distant parts of the kingdom where the name of Bonifer meant nothing to the people, he told them about the good ruler.

And the more they heard of him and his kindness the more they loved to hear his name, and tried to be like him. And in time even those who lived in the farthest corners of the country stopped quarrelling and being unkind, for there was no place where the name of Bonifer was not hallowed, and precious, and loved.

LESSON 4

USING GOD'S DAY

Aim. To present Sabbath observance as a blessed privilege rather than a burden or a restriction.

Scripture Material. Exodus 20:8-11; Deuteronomy 5:12-15; Exodus 16:14-30.

Memory Verse. Commandment IV. Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy.

For the Child to Do. 1. Keep a diary for three Sundays. The pupil should be frank to put down everything he did and then ask himself if he feels satisfied with the way he is spending Sunday.

2. Plan some ways to spend Sunday afternoon; for instance, select a good book from the library to read. Write a letter. Experiment with a paper cut-out of a church and make a poster using the words of the memory verse.

3. The class may rehearse a few hymns and go to some hospital or old peoples' home for a Sunday afternoon "sing." Arrangements should be made in advance with the institution selected. Several classes may unite in this project.

4. Give the playlet, "The Best Day," at a meeting of the mothers' club or some other meeting which parents and older friends may attend.

THE STORY FROM THE BIBLE

When God had made the world and the people and had given them work to do, He saw that it was not good for them to work all the time. One of the laws, therefore, that He gave them was, that on one day in the week they

should lay aside their work. All the fathers and mothers and all the children and all the servants and even the animals were to rest. In this way God meant for them to be strengthened to do better work, to live longer and to be happier.

The children of Israel, even before they received the Ten Commandments, knew something about what it meant to keep the Sabbath because of what had happened to them soon after they came out of Egypt. When they had eaten the food they brought with them, they grew very hungry. They began to complain and to fret. They found fault with Moses and Aaron for bringing them there, for they said, in Egypt we did have plenty to eat. But God told Moses He would send the people something to eat. God sent them a strange kind of food called "manna." It was a little white flake that they found out on the ground in the morning after the dew had dried. God told them to gather just as much of it every day as they wanted to eat on that day, but on the sixth day of the week to gather enough for that day and the next day too. On the seventh day, which was the Sabbath, they were not to gather it. Most of the people did as God said, but a few went out on the seventh day, thinking they would gather some of the manna, when—what do you think?—there was not a bit of manna to be found! The people learned that they got along well and had plenty to eat if they did just as God told them.

After the children of Israel received the commandments, they tried very hard to keep the fourth commandment which said, "Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy." They had their Sabbath on the seventh day of the week, but they made a great many rules about it that God had not given them. You could travel only a short distance on the Sabbath, they said, and you must not

scuff your feet in the dirt because that would be plowing. There were so many things that you could not do that I don't see how the boys and girls ever learned them all. Many years later when Jesus came, He saw that the people were not enjoying their Sabbath because of these silly laws they had made about it. He told them, "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath."

After Jesus had gone, the people who had been His followers decided that they would not observe Saturday, the seventh day of the week, any more, but they would observe Sunday, the day when Jesus had risen from the dead. They would stop their work and meet together in groups and talk about Jesus—about the many good things He had done and said and what He wanted them to do for Him.

That is why—all down through the years—the Christian people, on Sunday, have been meeting together in churches, thinking and talking about Jesus and about God, and planning what they could do to make the world better. Whenever people have thought they could get along without Sunday and without thinking about God, they have found out what a great mistake they made. Even the machines in the factories need to stop running one day in the week so they will not wear out so soon, and of course our bodies are ever so much more delicate than the machines.

God asks us to remember the Sabbath Day, to come to the church and to think about Him, and the ways by which we can make the world better. No effort has been spared to make the church a good place for boys and girls on Sunday—a comfortable place, a beautiful place, a place where there are true and loving friends, a place where we can best think about God and about Jesus, a place where we can best learn God's will for us.

Thinking of these things we can say with the Psalmist, "I was glad when they said unto me, let us go into the House of the Lord."

Hints to the Teacher. Lead the children into making a definition of the term, "holy." Such ideas as "absolutely and perfectly good," "different from other days," "set apart for something better," should enter into the final definition. A good share of the time should be given to a discussion of things to do on Sunday in our day. Tell them things to do rather than things not to do if you can: reading, doing little thoughtful things for people that we had no time for on the other six days, visiting with members of our family who were at work all the week, walking, singing, making a scrap book, and many other things. Be careful not to denounce dogmatically any Sunday activity that you think is unholy. Denunciations antagonize; they seldom convince. Rather let the children apply the test questions to each activity discussed: Is the Sabbath kept holy? Is it absolutely and perfectly good? Is it set apart for something better than the other days can offer? Help them to come themselves to the right conclusions by way of their own sense of justice and propriety.

A PLAYLET FOR THE WORSHIP PERIOD

The Best Day

DIALOGUE FOR THREE GIRLS

(*Note.* This little playlet and the others that appear from time to time, need only about two or three rehearsals each. Do not require the children to memorize the lines. If they get the idea thoroughly and use their own words, it will mean much more to them. A finished production is not the aim so much as expressional activity for the children.)

FIRST GIRL. Oh, dear! Tomorrow is Sunday. I think Sunday is the worst day in the week.

SECOND GIRL. Why?

FIRST GIRL. Oh, I can't do anything I want to. It is always, You mustn't do this; it's Sunday. Or, You mustn't do that; it's Sunday!

SECOND GIRL. I don't mind Sunday a bit. At our house Sunday is just the same as the other days.

FIRST GIRL. You do *anything* you want to?

SECOND GIRL (*loftily*). Sure.

THIRD GIRL. At our house Sunday is better than the other days.

FIRST and SECOND GIRLS (*together*). How?

THIRD GIRL. Oh, we have it ever so different and nice.

FIRST GIRL. What do you do?

THIRD GIRL. Well, first we all go to Sunday School and Church.

FIRST GIRL (*shrugging shoulders*). I don't care much for Church.

SECOND GIRL. I go sometimes. I think I'd like it if I knew the people. But what do you do then?

THIRD GIRL. Then I help mother get dinner and do the dishes.

FIRST GIRL (*sneeringly*). Huh! I s'pose you don't call that "working on the Sabbath."

THIRD GIRL. Mother says there are always some things that have to be done on Sundays the same as other days. You see, if I help her, then *she* doesn't have to work so hard.

SECOND GIRL. But after that—?

THIRD GIRL. Oh, then we have such happy times. Father is home and sometimes he or mother tells us stories, or sometimes we sing. Sometimes we go for a walk or take flowers to a friend who is sick. Last Sunday I wrote a long letter to Grandma.

First Girl (*thoughtfully*). I s'pect my grandmother would like to hear from me.

Second Girl. My aunt is sick. I believe I'll buy a few flowers instead of going to that show. Do the sick folks like the flowers much?

Third Girl. Oh, they just love them!

First Girl. Perhaps if I wanted to do good things like that, they wouldn't always be stopping me.

Second Girl. I don't know but what I should like to have Sunday different at our house.

Third Girl. Come to Sunday School with me, will you?

Second Girl. All right.

Third Girl (*to first girl*). And you will be there?

First Girl. Oh, yes, I have to go. But then, I think Sunday School is a good thing.

Third Girl. Indeed it is. And I know what! Let's all three get together a few minutes and plan our Sunday.

First Girl. That will be fine.

Second Girl. And you can tell us some things to do so we can all make Sunday the best day in the week.

Third Girl. I'll be glad to.

First Girl. I must go home now. See you tomorrow.

(*Girls call, "Good-bye" and go out.*)

LESSON 5

HONOURING ONE'S PARENTS

Aim. To point out clearly to the children both why and how to honour their parents.

Scripture Material. Genesis 46:28-30; 47:5-12; Exodus 20:12.

Memory Verse. Commandment V. Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

For the Child to Do. 1. Plan a surprise for father and mother.

2. Agree to do something helpful every day. Take the responsibility of performing regularly some task about the home.

3. Plan for a "Visitor's Day" at the Week Day School of the Church. Let it be a day when parents are specially invited, introduced to teachers, given seats of honour and treated with every courtesy.

THE STORY FROM THE BIBLE

Away over on the other side of the world there is a country called Egypt. We have had something in our lessons about Egypt. Egypt was the place where the people worshipped ugly idols, you remember. And Egypt was the place where the children of Israel were so cruelly treated. But I am going to tell you today about a time, years and years before that, when the children of Israel thought it was a pretty fine thing to be going to Egypt—and so it was.

There was a famine all over that part of the world.

Crops failed; people were starving, with no food to be had. Only in Egypt there was grain, and that was because Pharaoh the king had a wise and good young man named Joseph to manage things for him. Joseph knew that the famine was coming, and for seven years when there was plenty of food he had built great storehouses and saved and saved and saved. The king and the people all delighted to honour Joseph, because if it had not been for him the grain would not have been saved and the people would have had to starve. Joseph had the finest robes to wear that could be had, and a gold chain about his neck. He always rode out when the king did, driving in a chariot that was almost as splendid as the king's own. The people bowed low to him, as to a ruler.

Now you might have thought that so much honour and power would have turned his head, but Joseph was not the kind of young man that allows his head to be turned by such things. He used his great power to help the people and see that they had plenty of food.

One day, from a country far to the north, there came ten shepherds to buy grain. They were big rough fellows, sunburned and strong because of living out doors a great deal with their flocks and herds. Joseph at once recognized them as his own brothers but they did not recognize him. He would have liked to have hugged them and told them who he was, but he knew that he had better not, because when he was a boy these very brothers had been the ones who had sold him as a slave into Egypt, and he wanted to be sure that they were sorry about that before he told them who he was. He asked them all about his father, Israel, and his little brother, Benjamin, and told them when they came again to be sure to bring Benjamin with them. He tested them in several ways without their knowing that he was testing them, and

found out that they were really sorry for the wicked thing they had done. The second time they came, when he had made perfectly sure that they were sorry, he could keep his secret no longer. His eyes filled with tears, and with a heart full of forgiveness and love, he told them who he was. He also told them to go get their father and bring him down where there was plenty of food.

Joseph could hardly wait to see his father. He had not seen him for something like twenty years and he knew that he must have changed greatly. He knew he would not be wearing fine clothes, and he would not speak the language that Joseph was now most familiar with, but that did not matter one bit. Before the father had had time to get to the city where Joseph lived, Joseph went out to meet him, and oh, what a happy meeting that was! The old man had always cared more for Joseph than for the other boys, but he had supposed that he was dead. How delighted he was to find his son alive and grown to be such a great man, and how it did warm his heart to find that he still loved and honoured his father!

Joseph introduced his father to Pharaoh, who was glad to receive a blessing from the good old man. Some of the best land was set apart for Israel and his sons and their flocks and herds, and they lived there happily for many years.

Hints to the Teacher. Point out that Joseph lived before the time of Moses and the giving of the law, but he honoured his father because he wanted to, and not from a sense of duty.

Be sure to save plenty of time for the modern application of the lesson. Illustrations may be given of children who have had greater educational advantages than their parents and who did, or did not, look upon their elders with the proper respect and regard.

Show how much we owe to the care and protection of our parents. Let the children suggest ways to honour their parents, such as loving and obeying them, being thoughtful in the home and courteous and considerate in public, introducing friends, never being saucy and rude, and being appreciative of what parents do for them.

A STORY FOR THE WORSHIP PERIOD

What Bradley Owed[1]

His name was Bradley. They called him Tiddley, because when he was young he was so little and tiny. He wasn't so very big at the time this story happened. He had light hair and blue eyes and a sunny smile, but he had gotten into a bad habit of counting everything as worth so much money. Now that is a very bad thing for a boy, for there are lots of things that money cannot buy. Money can't buy the very best things, as this story will show you.

One morning when Bradley came down to breakfast, he put on his mother's plate a little piece of paper neatly folded. His mother opened it, and what do you think was on it? She could hardly believe it, but this is what Bradley had written there:

Mother owes Bradley:

For running errands	25	cents
For being good	10	"
For taking music lessons	15	"
Extras	5	"
Total	55	"

His mother smiled, but did not say anything, and when lunch time came she placed the bill on Bradley's plate

[1] From *Children's Story-Sermons,* by Hugh T. Kerr, D.D., Fleming H. Revell Company.

with fifty-five cents. Bradley's eyes fairly danced when he saw the money and thought his business ability had been quickly rewarded, but with the money there was another little bill, which read like this:

Bradley owes mother:

For being good to him.....Nothing
For nursing him through his long illness with scarlet fever.....Nothing
For clothes and shoes and gloves and playthings .....Nothing
For all his meals and his beautiful room...Nothing

Total that Bradley owes mother....Nothing

Now, what do you think that boy did after he read those words? Do you think he put the fifty-five cents in his pocket and went off whistling? I am sure you know better than that. The tears came into Bradley's eyes, and he put his arms around his dear mother's neck and put his hand with the fifty-five cents in hers, and said, "Take the money all back, Mamma, and let me love you and do things for nothing."

LESSON 6

THE VALUE OF A LIFE

Aim. To make clear that every individual life is so important to mankind and in the sight of God that to take the life of another becomes altogether unthinkable.

Scripture Material. Genesis 4: 1-15; Exodus 20: 13.

Memory Verse. Commandment VI. Thou shalt not kill.

For the Child to Do. 1. Be "brother's keeper" to some younger child. Guard his life when on the street where there is danger from motor-vehicles, or in any dangerous games and sports.

2. Make a list of people who are careful of life: doctors, nurses, firemen, traffic policemen, etc., and in a parallel column, a list of people who are careless of life, such as criminals and hold-up men, drivers who speed their automobiles, etc. To which group would the class wish to belong?

3. Make a poster showing a picture of a fireman, a nurse, a member of the life-saving service and a soldier. Print in prominent letters the following words: "*These risk their lives to save life.* Shall we burn buildings, spread disease, sink ships, PERMIT WARS in order to prove that they are heroes?" Small pictures of burning buildings, sinking ships, war and desolation may be added to heighten the effect. The best posters should be put up in the most prominent places available.

THE STORY FROM THE BIBLE

Once upon a time in the dim ages of long ago, there lived two brothers whose names were Cain and Abel.

Now, as often happens today, these two boys, although they were brothers, were not very much alike. They did not like to do the same things, and they did not like to eat the same food, they did not think alike and they did not talk alike. When they grew to be young men, they had to decide what to do for a living. Abel had always liked the sheep and the funny little woolly lambs as they frisked about. He decided that he would like to raise sheep for a living.

Cain did not care for sheep and the funny little woolly lambs. He went out into the fields and began to dig up the ground for planting, and although he did not like his work very well, the ground was fertile and he began to get crops.

Abel's flock was doing very well. He knew that many of his best gifts had come from God, so he selected some of the finest and best of the lambs and gave them to God as an offering. Cain, too, supposed he had better do something like that, though he didn't want to, much. He selected some of the things he had been growing and gave them as an offering to God.

God was pleased with Abel's offering, but Cain gave his in such a disagreeable way that God was not pleased at all. Cain knew at once that God was not pleased with his offering and he began to feel angry and more sullen than ever, but God said to him, "Why art thou wroth and why is thy countenance fallen?" God told him if he had done right, his offering would have been accepted. God told Cain that he must look out for a sin that was lying in wait for him, and that he must conquer it.

But Cain thought only of how he hated his brother for being in God's favour rather than he. Cain talked to Abel about it, and all the time he talked he grew uglier

and more angry. At last he picked up a great club and struck his brother such a terrible blow that he fell to the ground, dead.

Cain did not know what to do when he found that Abel was dead, but he went away and tried to pretend that nothing had happened. Then he heard God's voice speaking to him, "Where is Abel, thy brother?" And he said, "I know not. Am I my brother's keeper?" But, of course, God knew all the time what he had done. God told him he must be driven out from his home and become a wanderer over the face of the earth. He could not till the ground any more, but he must wander from place to place and always be driven out because people would be afraid of him and would hate him. Cain knew then that what he had done was one of the most dreadful things that a person can possibly do—to take the life of another person. He felt that the deed was so frightfully bad that it could never be forgiven, and that his punishment was greater than he could bear.

Hints to the Teacher. Ask the children why we think that God loves people. Any enumeration of God's gifts and care will be accepted, but do not stop until you have led them back to the time of creation when God made man in His own image. *God made us like himself!* Bring out the importance of the human mind and the power to make things; the will, and the power to choose. Speak of how God has a plan for the life of every man and woman, boy and girl. He wants them to be happy and to do certain things in His world. He wants them to love each other and care for each other.

In some respects at the present time, human life is held very dear. Physicians and nurses will battle for days and nights on end to save one life—perhaps the life of a child. But, on the other hand, think of war with its frightful

waste of life. Think of the murders and suicides that glare at us from the pages of the newspapers. The modern movie with its dare-devil adventures and its constant killings blunts the sensibilities of youth to the value of life. Teach, then, by every means you can devise, that life *is* valuable, *is* important, and that each one of us *is* our brother's keeper.

A STORY FOR THE WORSHIP PERIOD

The Lover of Life

The swiftest runner and the surest marksman among the boys of the kingdom was Philzo, son of the king. Whenever he entered the games and contests the watchers noted with admiration the straight, clean limbs of the young prince, his steadiness of aim and his alert and eager face. "He is a lover of life," they said, and when he received the laurel wreath they shouted themselves hoarse for "Philzo, son of the king." It was rumoured darkly about the kingdom that the people would be glad when the old king died and young Philzo came to the throne, for the boy not only excelled in the games but he was friendly and kind to the people while the old king was hard and often cruel.

One day Philzo and his father were walking near the beautiful new addition to the palace that was being built. Huge blocks of purest white marble were being set in place and everywhere was the hum of industry. Suddenly as Philzo watched, a black man stumbled with a heavy burden and fell. The big stone that he carried crushed his foot as it came down. To Philzo's horror an overseer kicked the man's body away, allowing him to lie in the burning sun, while another was directed to pick up the stone. "O Father," cried Philzo, "can you not rebuke that cruel overseer?"

"He is doing even as I have directed," said the king. "That man is but a slave; he has done his work."

"But, Father, are slaves of no value aside from the work they can do?" asked Philzo.

"Of no value, my son," said the king.

Weeks and months passed and the beautiful addition to the palace was finished. Then the king called in his generals and his captains and said to them: "We must start a campaign to enlarge our boundaries. Our kingdom is small. We must expand. Let the first attack be made against the kingdom to the northwest."

"Yea, sire," said the captains, and began to do his bidding. Great companies of soldiers were sent to attack the enemy kingdom on the northwest. But it was soon rumoured that the expedition had not been successful, and that the troops of the enemy were driving the king's soldiers back into their own country. Nor did they stop when they reached the boundary line, but pushed on and on until the wall that surrounded the palace itself was besieged. Now the fighting was very close. Philzo was sick with the smell of blood and the cries of dying men rang in his ears.

"You are a coward, boy," said the king sharply. "Here you are almost old enough to learn the noble arts of war, and you shrink like a baby from the field of battle."

"But the war is so terrible!" said poor Philzo. "So many are dying!"

"There is nothing more glorious than to die for one's country," replied the king. "Brace up. When this trouble is over I will take you in hand myself and teach you to become a brave soldier."

But the trouble was not soon over. The siege became

more and more fierce. Now the king's army would rally and drive the invaders back; now the enemy would start afresh and tear away at the very heart of the kingdom.

The king grew hourly more anxious. "It was a foolish move," he muttered to himself. "I overestimated our strength. But I will not yield; I will not yield!"

"Could we not make a truce, father?" Philzo pleaded. "So many are giving their lives."

"That is what soldiers are for," snapped the king. "Cease your prattle; I will hear no more of it!"

The battle raged. Philzo and his father were now in constant danger, for it seemed any moment that the walls would give way and allow the enemy to swarm into the palace. "Capture the wicked king! Do not let him escape! Humiliate him! Torture him!"—these were among the cries of the enemy.

In the midst of the palace was a little secret chamber and thither the king made his way with Philzo and Balther, a faithful slave. A terrible crash told that the walls outside had yielded. The cry of the enemy, "Capture the wicked king!" now sounded close at hand. The king grasped his sword. "I have pledged myself not to yield to the enemy. I will die instead," said he. "I will take my own life, and I command you, Balther, to take the life of the boy and yourself that we go not into the hands of the enemy." Even as he said this he plunged the sword into his side and fell heavily to the floor.

Philzo gave a frightened look at Balther, but the old slave was struggling with great emotion. "Ah! Sire," he murmured, "many a difficult task you have set for me and always—always I have obeyed—but this—! What say you, lad? Wish you to die or to be taken by the enemy?"

"I wish not to die," said Philzo. "Indeed, I believe I have a plan by which we may escape."

Philzo and Balther then disguised themselves as peasants and dressed the body of the king in a tattered soldier's uniform. Then they waited in silence while the enemy searched the palace. Late that night when the enemy had decided that the king had escaped in spite of them, the supposed peasant lad appeared from nobody knew where, and pleaded with the guard for permission to go bury his father. The request was granted and they slipped away into the night. The king, it was discovered, was not dead, though the wound was severe and he remained unconscious. Balther carried him on his strong shoulders until they found horses and were able to make their way far to the southwest.

After a long, long journey, Philzo, Balther and the wounded king reached the shores of the beautiful Mediterranean Sea. They found shelter in the home of a humble tradesman whose name was Junias. Philzo and the faithful slave watched anxiously by the bedside of the wounded king. The wound was deep and slow to heal. He fretted and groaned a great deal and took no interest in anything.

One day Junias came home full of eager excitement. "The Apostle is in the city!" he cried, "the Beloved Disciple who taught us to know the Christ! We must find some way for him to see our wounded guest and he will heal him." Philzo and Balther were full of joy at the words. It was decided that Balther should go with Junias to find the Apostle and that Philzo should remain with his father.

The two had been gone about an hour when an aged traveller came to the door and asked for a drink of water. Philzo drew it gladly and gave it to the man, who seemed

very tired. He invited him to sit down and rest, and soon found himself chatting easily with the traveller who had the kindest face he had ever seen. He told him of his far-off home, the cruel war that had laid waste the kingdom. He told of the escape from the palace with the wounded king and how they had been received by the hospitable Junias, who had but now gone to seek a famous man that they thought could heal him.

"I can often heal the sick," said the traveller, "if they but have faith in the Christ. Knoweth thy father of Jesus of Nazareth who is called the Christ?" And Philzo said that they knew Him not.

Then the old man came in to the bedside of the wounded king and began to tell a most wonderful story. At first the king was languid and uninterested, but as the story became more gripping he lost himself and with the boy was eagerly drinking in every word. The traveller told about Jesus—how He had lived and how He had died and how He had risen again. When he had finished he touched the king's hand and said, "Wouldst thou be made whole in the name of Christ?"

"I am a disappointed old man," said the king. "I did not wish to live. But you today have made life seem more worth while. Say you that there is a God who really loves men?"

"Herein was the love of God manifested in us," said the traveller, "that he gave his only begotten Son that we might live through him."

"And He wants us to love each other?" asked Philzo eagerly.

"Yea, lad, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another," said the traveller.

At this moment Junias and Balther returned. "We found not the Apostle," said Junias sadly. "He slipped

away to pray and meditate alone and—" Then spying the aged traveller he ran to him and cried out in delight, "He is here; he is here! Behold this is the Beloved Disciple himself!"

There was great rejoicing in the home of Junias the tradesman, not only because of the happy surprise of finding the Apostle, but also because the wounded king was feeling so much better and showing such an interest in life. Philzo was so happy he almost shouted for joy. Slipping close to the Apostle, he asked if he might become a follower of the Christ. "Yea," said the old man. "The Christ hath need of such as thou, and thy father too."

So it came about that Philzo and his father and the faithful slave Balther became followers of Christ. Junias urged them to remain there in the beautiful country near the Mediterranean Sea, but the king said, "No, we will go back to our own countrymen. If we cannot rule them, we can serve them and teach them to know the God who really cares about people. My son has been always a lover of life, and now he has learned, and I have learned too, how valuable life really is."

LESSON 7

BEING PURE IN HEART

Aim. To teach the seventh commandment from the standpoint of purity of life—body, mind and heart. For children of this age it must needs be mainly a temperance lesson.

Scripture Material. Exodus 20:14; Genesis 39.

Memory Verses. Commandment VII. Thou shalt not commit adultery.

Blessed are the pure in heart. Matthew 5:8.

For the Child to Do. 1. Dramatize the story of Sir Galahad.

2. Look up Philippians 4:8 and bring back in writing a list of things Paul said to think about.

3. Practice self-control by going without some harmful thing that seems pleasant.

THE STORY FROM THE BIBLE

Joseph was a boy you could trust. His father discovered that fact and liked him better than any of his other sons. Of course it wasn't wise in the father to *show* that he liked Joseph better than the other boys, but you could hardly blame him for having the feeling, because when Joseph was told to do something the thing was done, and when Joseph said anything was so, it *was* so.

Joseph's father wasn't at all sure that he could trust the other brothers, and sometimes sent Joseph to see what they were doing and how they were getting along. The brothers didn't like that, and one day when he came they did a most dreadfully wicked thing. They sold him

to some people going by, and then pretended to their father that he had been killed by wild beasts. In those days you could buy or sell a person just the same as now you can buy or sell a horse or a dog. The people who bought Joseph belonged to a wandering tribe something like the gypsies. They didn't care about keeping Joseph; they only wanted to make money, so when they arrived in Egypt they sold him again to a man named Potiphar.

Potiphar soon found that he got a bargain when he bought Joseph, because Joseph was a boy you could trust. Every time he sent Joseph to do something, the thing was done, and every time that Joseph told him that anything was so, it *was* so. Day by day Potiphar came to think more and more of him and to give him things to do that were more important and less disagreeable. At last he made him his overseer, and he looked after his house and all his property. He had so much faith in Joseph that he didn't worry about his things any more but just let Joseph take care of them. This Joseph could do very well, even better than Potiphar himself, so that Potiphar grew to be quite a wealthy man.

All the time that Joseph had been working for Potiphar he had been growing strong in body as well as in mind. He must have had a clear, steady eye. He was well and fine-looking because he always kept himself pure and clean. Almost everyone who saw him liked him. One of the people who admired Joseph very much was Potiphar's wife. Now, of course, it would have been very pleasant for her to have liked Joseph in a good friendly way. She could have helped him a great deal and he could have helped her. But she was a wicked woman and did not want that. She wanted Joseph to pet her and do things that he knew would be wrong, but because Joseph was a young man you could trust, he refused to do it.

Now Potiphar's wife was quite in the habit of having her own way. She kept bothering Joseph day after day until he must have grown sick of the sight of her. At last when she found out that Joseph simply would not do as she wished, she made up wicked lies about him and told her husband, who at once was angry and had him put into prison. And here was Joseph who had always been pure in heart and had not done a thing that was wrong, here in the dreadful prison house where the king's prisoners were bound!

But God was with Joseph even in the prison, and did not let him get discouraged about trying to keep pure and good. And what do you think? The keeper of the prison soon discovered what Joseph's father had discovered and what Potiphar had discovered: Joseph was a young man you could trust. He allowed him to have charge of the other prisoners and to have many privileges which the others could not have, and after a while he was taken out of the prison right into the palace of the king. As you remember from our other story about Joseph, he was given great honour and power, and this, I think you will agree with me, was because he was a young man you could trust, a young man who was pure in heart.

Hints to the Teacher. There are two memory verses with this lesson. Emphasize the verse from the Beatitudes but drill enough on the seventh commandment so that it can be repeated in its place with the other commandments. Emphasize the need for thinking clean, beautiful thoughts. Then remind the children that just as when we let dirty bad thoughts come into our minds they take away the strength and purity of our minds and hearts, so sometimes we put dirty bad things into our bodies that take away our strength and will power and make us sickly and of little account. The emphasis of temperance education these

days has shifted to matters of the observance of law, but now and then, just as of old, we need to teach children the harmful results of intemperance. Let us include tobacco also as a bad habit injurious to health. Think what a great number of would-be soldiers were unfit for military service because of "tobacco heart;" also what great numbers were not able-bodied because in other ways they had not observed the rules of purity of heart and life.

Jesus said, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." In order to be worthy to serve Him we must ever strive to keep our bodies, minds and hearts, strong, and clean and pure.

A STORY FOR THE WORSHIP PERIOD

The Legend of Sir Galahad

Long ago in the days of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table, there was something the knights longed to do more than anything else in the world. That was to find the Holy Grail. Now the Holy Grail was a wonderful cup or chalice that was said to have been used by the Lord Jesus. In it was power to heal the sick and do many wonders, and it was so bright and shining that it gave out light like a lamp. The Holy Grail had been lost so that nobody knew where it was. The bravest of the knights would set out and search up and down the world, but would come back disappointed. It was said that the one who should find it would be one who was pure in heart.

One of the greatest and bravest and strongest of the knights of King Arthur was a knight named Sir Launcelot. Sir Launcelot would have liked so much to have found the Holy Grail, but Sir Launcelot was not quite pure in heart. He had committed a great sin for which he was very sorry but which he could never forget.

One day as King Arthur and the knights were just ready to sit down to a feast, there came hurrying in a fair maiden on horseback. "Which is Sir Launcelot?" she inquired, and when he had been pointed out to her, she went to him and bade him come with her. It was the duty of the knights always to help women who needed them, and this maiden seemed so urgent that he went with her at once, although she would not tell him why she wished him to come. "You shall know when you come thither," she said.

Sir Launcelot and the maiden rode and rode until they came to an abbey where some nuns lived. They entered, and Launcelot discovered two other Knights of the Round Table already there. He was talking with the knights when twelve nuns entered, and with them the handsomest and finest young man that Launcelot had ever seen. The youth's name was Galahad, they told him. "We pray you make him a knight," said the nuns; so Launcelot made him a knight and gave him his blessing. He asked him if he would go back with him to King Arthur and the Round Table, but Galahad said he would not go yet.

Sir Launcelot and the other two knights rode back to the court of King Arthur, and all the knights began to gather about the Round Table. The seat belonging to every knight had his name written on it in gold letters, but there was one seat where no one dared sit. That was the Seat Perilous, saved for one who was pure in heart. If the wrong person should sit there, something dreadful would surely happen to him. There was a silk cloth covering the seat so that nobody could see whether it had anyone's name on it or not.

Just about this time a servant came hurrying in to the King. "I bring you marvellous tidings," he said, and he went on to tell how they had found, down at the edge of

the river, a great block of red marble into which had been thrust a beautiful gleaming sword. King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table were much excited and went at once to see this strange sight. Sure enough, just as the servant said, here was the sword thrust fast into the stone. The hilt of the sword was set with precious jewels, and when they looked close they found an inscription which read: "Never shall man take me hence, but only he by whose side I ought to hang, and he shall be the best knight of all the world."

When the king saw this he said to Sir Launcelot, "Fair Sir, this sword ought to be yours, for I am sure that you are the best knight of all the world."

But Launcelot shook his head sadly. "Nay, Messire," he said, "I am a sinful man." King Arthur told two other brave knights to try to draw out the sword, but they could not budge it at all. At last they gave it up and went into the house to have their dinner.

When they had all sat down and every seat was filled except the Seat Perilous, there came into the room a very old knight and a very young knight. The old knight was dressed in white, but the young knight, who was none other than Sir Galahad himself, was dressed all in red. The old man presented him to King Arthur, then took him to the Seat Perilous and bade him sit down.

All the knights grew alarmed when he started to sit in the Seat Perilous, but in a moment they knew it was all right because the silk cloth that covered it fell away and they found his name, "Galahad," on the seat.

After they had eaten their feast, King Arthur said they must take Sir Galahad down to the river and let him try to draw the sword from the block of marble. They noticed that Galahad wore no sword and no shield; only an empty scabbard hung at his side. And, sure enough, Sir

Galahad grasped the sword and drew it easily from the stone. Then they knew that Sir Galahad was the greatest knight of all the world, the knight who was pure in heart, and he that should some day find the Holy Grail.

Then Sir Galahad started out to seek adventure. Whenever he found people in distress he would set out to relieve them. Once he found some maidens who were being held captive and cruelly treated by some wicked knights. He conquered them easily, although there were seven of them and only one of him. If anyone marvelled at his great strength and courage he would say, "My strength is as the strength of ten because my heart is pure."

So Sir Galahad went on from adventure to adventure, bringing help to those in trouble and doing the brave, noble things that true knights do, and as he grew older, more and more people knew that he was the greatest knight in all the world because his heart was pure.

LESSON 8

OTHER PEOPLE'S THINGS

Aim. To increase in the mind of the child a respect for the rights and the property of others.

Scripture Material. Exodus 20: 15; Joshua 7.

Memory Verse. Commandment VIII. Thou shalt not steal.

For the Child to Do. 1. Bring in three problems like those in today's lesson. (See Hints to the Teacher.) Situations that have come up recently in the experience of the child are, of course, preferable.

2. Each member of the class should take stock of his things, and if he finds something he has borrowed from someone, he should return it right away before forgetting it.

3. Plan an "adventure" which, instead of injuring someone's property is helpful and constructive. Local conditions will determine the type of project which it is possible to attempt. The carrying of a basket of food to a poor family or the clearing up of some unsightly vacant lot will prove great fun when undertaken in the spirit of adventure.

THE STORY FROM THE BIBLE

The children of Israel wandered in the wilderness many years after they received the Ten Commandments before they came to the beautiful country which God had promised them for their own. Even when they reached it they found that they could not go right in and build their homes and use the land as they wished. There were a great many people who were living there al-

ready—wicked people, mostly, who did not worship Jehovah.

Joshua was the leader of the people now, and he was very brave. He knew it would be hard work to take possession of the land, but he knew also that God was leading him and helping him, so he had a good reason to be full of courage.

The first city that the children of Israel captured was named Jericho. They were able to take it easily because God told Joshua in a vision how they should go about it, and they did just as God said. Joshua told the people that they must not take any of the gold or silver or vessels of iron and brass that they found in the captured city of Jericho because these things were to be given as an offering to God.

Now there was a man named Achan who found some things that he wanted very much. Achan found a fine coat, and a large piece of gold and some silver coins. He knew it was very wicked to steal these things that Joshua had said must be given as an offering to God, but he thought he could hide them and no one would know anything about it. So he dug a hole in the ground, under his tent, and hid the things he had stolen.

Then the soldiers of the children of Israel went out to capture another city. It was not a very great city and they thought they would have an easy time, but not so. The men of the city came out and drove the children of Israel back. Joshua was so surprised and disappointed he hardly knew what to think. What could possibly be the matter? He prayed about it very earnestly and pleaded with God to help them. But God told him that someone had sinned—had broken the eighth commandment which says, "Thou shalt not steal,"—had even stolen things that had been devoted to God as an offering.

The next morning very early, Joshua began to hunt for the person who had done this wicked thing. God pointed out to Joshua first the tribe that Achan belonged to. Then the group of people that had descended from Achan's great grandfather. The number to select from was growing smaller and smaller. The family of Achan's grandfather was taken, then the family of his father, and at last Achan himself.

Joshua told him he had better confess, so he confessed to having stolen the coat and the gold and the silver coins, and having hidden them under his tent.

In those days they punished people more severely than they do now. The children of Israel felt that they had to punish severely anyone who broke the Ten Commandments because that was breaking their covenant with God, you remember. And if they did not keep their promise to God, God could not make of them a great and holy nation as He had said He would. They felt that they could not let anyone stay among them whom they could not trust, so Achan was put to death. After that God blessed them and strengthened them again and helped them in whatever they undertook to do.

Hints to the Teacher. Instead of dwelling long on the Bible story, emphasize the modern application. Point out the right of every person to his own property. Show the close connection between stealing and cheating.

A practical test in the ethics of other people's things will be helpful. Give each child a pencil and a piece of paper and have him answer the following questions:

1. Is it just as bad to steal and not get caught as it is to steal and be found out?
2. Suppose you had candy to sell to raise money for some cause in your school or church, and suppose you ate some of it yourself without giving in the money for it. Would this be right?

3. A grocer gave a boy too much change. The boy counted it up, and seeing the mistake, gave the money back to the grocer. Was he right or was he foolish?

4. Is it ever right to take spoons or napkins out of a restaurant?

5. Sally saw some pansies growing near a path in the park. Nobody was looking. She picked some to take to her grandmother who was sick. Was this right?

6. A man saw a woman drop a handbag as she was leaving a train. He rushed to the end of the car and gave it to her. Was he right or was he foolish?

7. A grocer used a scale that gave short weight to the people who bought, and a pickpocket on the same block brushed into people and took away their money. Which was worse?

8. Louise found a diamond pin in the street. She bought some newspapers and read the "Lost and Found" columns. Then she advertised it herself, but could not find the owner, so she kept the pin. Was this right?

9. Henry got on the car in a crowd and the conductor did not ask him for his fare, so he got off without paying it. Was this right?

10. Carrie's mother gave her a dime to take to the week-day school at the church. Carrie stopped at a store and bought eight cents' worth of candy, and when the offering was taken at the church she put in the two cents. Was this thing that Carrie did anything like the sin of Achan in the Bible?

11. Suppose you are treasurer of a club. Is it ever right to borrow the money?

12. Mr. B. had charge of the money in a bank. He said, "I see a way to invest this for myself and get rich. I will pay it back later." He invested the money and lost it, and was sent to jail. Did he do wrong or was he simply unlucky?

13. A teacher gave Evelyn some money to do an errand at the store. Evelyn did not use all of the money, but she said, "Miss A expected me to use it, so I'll just keep it for myself." Was this right?

14. Is it excusable to take things that do not belong to you on Hallowe'en?

15. A thief broke into a rich man's house and stole some money. He said, "This man cheated in order to get this money, so I have a right to take some of it." Supposing the

man *had* cheated, did this fact give the thief any more right to it than if he had not?

When the questions have been answered, pass the papers from one to another and let them grade each other, allowing a free discussion of each question at this time.

A STORY FOR THE WORSHIP PERIOD

About a Boy Who Stole Pears and Was Sorry[1]

There was once a small boy who had a very pretty name—that is, it was a pretty name if you liked it. At any rate it certainly was a whole mouthful of a name for a little chap. This boy was called Aurelius Augustinus; he was a Roman citizen and he lived in the northern part of Africa.

Aurelius Augustinus did not like to go to school. In fact, he hated school. The school which he attended there in Africa so long ago was not such a good school as you attend, and in many ways you could not blame him for not liking it. When he was naughty the teacher would beat him and beat him with cruel whips until he smarted and burned and ached all over. He used sometimes to pray a pathetic little prayer, "O my God, please grant that I am not whipped at school." But this strange little lad, whose name was Aurelius Augustinus, never would help God to answer that prayer. He just would not stop doing the things for which he had been whipped. He would cheat and tell wrong stories, and he would not stop playing when the teacher told him to get to work at his lessons.

As Aurelius Augustinus grew to be a big boy he did not give up the bad habits he had formed as a little fellow; he kept all those and added a few others to the list. He

[1] Based on the *Confessions* of Saint Augustine.

went with a bad crowd, and all the things that they did, he did too. He thought that in order to be a regular fellow he had to dare to do all kinds of bad things, and he was not going to let anyone get ahead of him. His poor mother was heartsick at the scrapes he got into.

One night, very late, he and the gang were out for adventure. They could not quite decide what to do next when suddenly one of them thought of a pear-tree belonging to a neighbour of Aurelius Augustinus' father. It was full of fruit. "What fun to steal those pears!" they thought. I suppose they had some African slang word for stealing that would correspond to our words, "swipe" or "snitch." Though, of course, if you take other people's things without permission it is stealing, no matter what you call it.

Aurelius Augustinus and the gang made for the pear-tree, climbed it, shook it, picked and broke off most of the fruit. There were a great many pears on it, but they were not very good. When the boys bit into them they found that the pears had very little flavour. Still it was a great lark, they thought, to pick them and throw them to the pigs. The pigs squealed and grunted and munched the hard, tasteless fruit, looking up with their sharp little eyes to see if anything more was coming.

Then the gang, I suppose, went home and went to bed.

It was many years after that before Aurelius Augustinus turned from his wicked ways and became a good man, but when at last he let himself hear God speak to his heart, he tried to be just as good as he had been bad before. And when you get older and study more history, particularly the history of the Church, you will see that he succeeded greatly. (For this, you understand, is a true story.) He preached to people about God and about

Jesus, he wrote wonderful books that people read and read and still read sometimes, although it was long ago. His books helped thousands of people to understand better about God and His plan for men.

He decided that he would write a book telling all about himself,—just how bad he had been as a boy and as a young man, and how at last God had saved him from his sins. He thought it might help other bad boys to become good and give their lives to God. It is in this book that he tells us about stealing the pears. Oh, how ashamed he is! He can hardly think of words to describe how it feels to think of the things he did in those days. He is ashamed for all the pain he caused his dear good mother, too. But how happy he is that God has at last forgiven him and helped him to do right! The world remembers Aurelius Augustinus as a great and good man, not as a bad little boy. You often hear him called Saint Augustine, which shows in what high regard he came to be held.

LESSON 9

BEING TRUE

Aim. To exalt truth and honour in such a way that the child will desire to be true, at all times worthy of being trusted.

Scripture Material. Exodus 20:16; Genesis 27:1-30.

Memory Verse. Commandment IX. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.

For the Child to Do. 1. Memorize the hymn "I Would Be True." Repeat it every morning, with special attention to the meaning of each phrase, resolving to live that day in accordance with its principles.

2. Bring in examples of fair play and truthfulness which have been noticed on the playground this week. Which is more sportsmanlike, an honest loser or a dishonest winner?

3. The teacher may give a written test asking simple questions on the Bible Stories studied recently. The children should be placed on their honour not to copy from each other or communicate in any way.

THE STORY FROM THE BIBLE

Long before the time of Moses and long before the time of Joseph, there were two brothers named Jacob and Esau. Esau was a big rough-and-ready, happy-go-lucky fellow who loved to roam the fields and hills hunting for deer and other game. Esau was his father's favourite son. Jacob was more of a hand to stay around the tents. He was a good worker and quick to learn, but he was

also quick to see a chance to get ahead of somebody. Jacob was his mother's favourite.

Esau was a little bit older than Jacob, so according to the customs of the times, he would naturally be his father's heir and receive his property and his position as head of the family. But their mother thought that Jacob would be a better leader and she wanted him to have all the honours.

One day she overheard the boys' father Isaac talking to Esau. He was telling Esau to go out and kill a deer and cook the meat in a way that he knew he liked it, then bring it to him so that he could eat and give Esau his blessing. Isaac was old and nearly blind. He thought he might not be going to live a great while, but that if he gave Esau the blessing he would be sure that his favourite son would take his place as head of the family.

Esau went gaily off into the woods, for there was nothing he liked better than to hunt. His mother called Jacob aside and told him of a plan she had, by which he could cheat his brother out of the blessing. She told him to go out to where the goats were feeding on the hillside and bring back two plump young kids from the flock. In a short time he had come back with them and his mother was cooking them in a way that Isaac liked. "Thou shalt bring it to thy father," she said, "that he may eat and bless thee instead of thy brother Esau."

Then Jacob began to think what would happen if his father should take hold of his hands! His hands were smooth, but Esau's were hairy. Surely his father would find out that he was being deceived. But his mother took some pieces of the skin of the kids and fastened them around the backs of his hands and the back of his neck. She found some of Esau's clothes, too, and put them on Jacob. Then she gave him the meat, all piping hot and

the smell of it certainly very tempting, and away went Jacob to his poor old blind father.

Now one of the worst things about cheating is that you nearly always have to lie in order to make it work, and then you have committed not one sin, but two. As soon as Jacob came to his father Isaac he asked him who he was, and Jacob answered, boldly as you please, "I am Esau, thy first born," and he bade his father eat and give him the blessing.

But his father said, "How is it that thou hast found it so quickly, my son?"

Quick as a flash Jacob had another lie ready: "Because Jehovah thy God sent me good speed," he said.

Still Isaac was not quite satisfied. He told him to come near and let him feel his hands and his neck. Jacob came near and Isaac felt of him. "The voice is Jacob's voice," he said, "but the hands are the hands of Esau." And he asked him again, "Art thou my very son Esau?"

And Jacob said, "I am."

Then Isaac gave Jacob the blessing that he had meant for his elder son, saying:

"God give thee of the dew of heaven,
And of the fatness of the earth,
And plenty of grain and new wine;
Let peoples serve thee,
And nations bow down to thee:
Be lord over thy brethren,
And let thy mother's sons bow down to thee:
Cursed be every one that curseth thee,
And blessed be every one that blesseth thee."

Esau was terribly angry when he found out what Jacob had done, so angry that Jacob was afraid he was going to kill him, and he really might have done so if Jacob had

not run away. Years afterwards when Esau had forgotten his anger, Jacob was still very much afraid of him.

For a number of years Jacob did things that were "crooked" and mean, but he had many good qualities, too, and at last the good overcame the bad. When he stopped being bad, God gave him a new name. He called him "Israel," and he became the father of God's chosen people, the children of Israel.

Hints to the Teacher. A good approach to the essential teaching of this lesson is the child's inherent admiration for fair play. They admire trustworthiness and they despise a coward. Show them that being dishonest is the coward's way. Be sure that the children understand the specific meaning of the commandment, that is, the imagery of the trial scene and the witnesses telling falsehoods about the person on trial. Show, of course, that the law has a much wider application. Compare Leviticus 19: 11. Let the children bring up points in practical ethics which involve truth-telling, honour, sincerity, and dependableness.

A STORY FOR THE WORSHIP PERIOD

The Second Bounce

Peter del Rio and Ellwood Brent had been chosen for the tennis tournament to represent the Maple Hill High School in the contest with the Boys' Prep. Both boys were in fine trim, and played well together, but Peter knew that there had been dissatisfaction in the Maple Hill High School when he had been selected. Peter's father and mother had been Portuguese subjects dwelling on an island in some far-off sea, and their skin was very brown. Nevertheless, it was clearly understood that Peter could play tennis, and since it was tennis that counted rather than complexion, Peter had been chosen.

The Saturday afternoon on which the match was to take place was a glorious one and all Maple Hill was out, it seemed. Peter spied Mr. Earle in the crowd and his heart grew warm within him. Mr. Earle was the leader of the Boys' Club at the Church, and Peter del Rio, vice-president of the club, looked to him as his best friend. Mr. Earle was counting on him to make good in the game today. Indeed, Mr. Earle always counted on his boys to make good, and it would be a pretty yellow sort of chap, thought Peter, who would disappoint Mr. Earle.

Then the game began. The two players from the Boys' Prep. proved also to be in fine trim, and from the start the match was close. When Maple Hill had won six games and the Boys' Prep. five, there was great excitement over which side was going to win the first set. Ellwood was serving. "If we get this game, we'll have the set," thought Peter, as he took his position near the net. But the game was deuce and for a long time neither side could get the two consecutive points necessary to win the game.

Then Ellwood served a good ball straight into the opponents' court; the boy returned it, aiming high over Peter's head. The ball fell just inside the line, bounced, was falling again. But Peter's long brown legs had a way of getting him over the court at a lively rate. He thought he could reach the ball before it bounced again. A frantic sprint, and Peter's racket hit the ball a resounding whack and sent it flying back across the net, greatly to the dismay of the Boys' Prep. They had not expected it and were unprepared. "Game and set," called the referee, and all Maple Hill was in a wild uproar.

Peter, however, was not happy. It was evident that no one had seen anything wrong with that last frantic

play of his, but Peter knew that he had caught that ball on its second bounce. Oh, just a hair's breadth, to be sure; but as it was, a play that was not fair and should not count. What should he do? All the school would hate him if he lost the game. During the intermission the instructor and a number of the fellows crowded around cheering for him. Mr. Earle came down. "Pretty playing, old man; proud of you," he called. Mr. Earle had not seen!

At last Peter could stand it no longer. He walked stiffly over to the referee. "I guess you didn't notice I fudged on that last game," he said.

"Fudged? What do you mean, boy?" the referee questioned.

"I got that ball on the second bounce," said Peter clearly.

Disgusted comments were heard from the Maple Hill lines. "What ails that darky?" "Shut him up!" "Send him home!" These and other taunts fell dully on Peter's ears.

"A mistake in the decision," called the referee. "The score is deuce again."

The players from Boys' Prep. took their places. Ellwood came unwillingly to the court, and in the first serve slammed two balls into the net. "Advantage out," said the referee. Maple Hill had lost its grip. Another point lost and the game had gone to Boys' Prep. Two more games gone and Boys' Prep. had won the set. Now it was the crowd that favoured Boys' Prep. that was cheering wildly while Maple Hill maintained a glum silence.

Peter dreaded the intermission. If only he could crawl off away somewhere out of sight! But there was no place to crawl to.

At last the intermission was over and the new set begun.

Then it was that the opposing players began to show unmistakable signs of getting tired. Peter and Ellwood won the next four games without a break, and in a short time had won the set. The match was now even. The third set would determine the championship. There was great excitement. Maple Hill seemed to be gaining confidence again.

Everything depended upon this third set, and as the four boys took their places there was a look of determination on each face. And how they played! The score in games was one to one, then one to two, then two to two, two to three, three to three. At last it stood precisely where it had stood before at that critical time: six to five in favour of Maple Hill, Ellwood serving. It was a deuce game again, too. Ellwood sent a swift ball into the court and it was returned, but Peter dropped it lightly over the net where it bounced a few inches and rolled away. "Advantage in," called the referee. Just one more point! Peter bit his lip. He must not think how much he wanted to win this one point! Perhaps it was wanting it so badly the other time—! Ellwood's serve was good. The boy on the other side tried the same trick that had worked before—sending the ball high over Peter's head. He ran for it but he did not strike. "It's going out," he thought, and the ball fell a scant half-inch beyond the white line at the back of the court. But somehow in the running Peter and Ellwood had gone between the referee and the ball so that the referee had not seen it. "What was that?" he asked.

Some of the crowd said it was out and some said it was good; in fact, no one seemed really to have seen it. He turned to Ellwood. "Was it out or was it good?" he asked sternly.

"It was out," said Ellwood.

Then the referee turned to Peter. "And what do you say?"

"Peter looked him steadily in the eye. "It was out," said Peter.

"Game and set!" announced the referee, and the match was won.

Oh, how Maple Hill shouted and yelled, and what congratulations and pattings on the back! No one was more enthusiastic than Mr. Earle, who told the boys in glowing terms how fine the playing had been. When, after a while, Peter and Ellwood got a chance to speak to each other, it was Ellwood who spoke first. "I'll say, old man, you were a peach," he said warmly. "I was sore at first when that came up about the second bounce, but now I'm mighty glad it happened."

"Why?" said Peter.

"Why, don't you know? The referee didn't see this last ball."

"I know, but you saw it, didn't you?"

"Yes," said Ellwood. "I saw it, but he didn't know that I was honest."

LESSON 10

BEING CONTENT

Aim. The aim of this lesson is by no means to exalt a stolid and meaningless contentment nor an optimism that ignores evil. Nor is it to stifle ambition. It is rather to show the folly and sinfulness of coveting the blessings that belong to others. In contrast to covetousness, we must exalt a constant faith in God's goodness and wisdom.

Scripture Material. Exodus 20: 17; I Kings 21: 1-17.

Memory Verse. Commandment X. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbour's.

For the Child to Do. 1. Each member of the class may make a list of the blessings he particularly enjoys and another of things he wants. The teacher should go over the second list with the pupil helping to decide if the things he wants are things he should work for, or if he is coveting something that belongs to some one else.

2. Write a prayer for God's help in working for some worthwhile thing.

3. Dress up a wish-bone in small scraps of cloth to make a funny little doll. Sew it on a card with the words, "Have you a wish-bone where your back-bone ought to be?" Paste a small calendar on the card, if desired. Punch holes in the top and tie with ribbon.

THE STORY FROM THE BIBLE

The prettiest vineyard anywhere about was the one belonging to Naboth. Naboth's vineyard lay close to the

palace of King Ahab who ruled the Kingdom of Israel. Ahab thought, "That vineyard is so close to my palace that it really ought to belong to my property. I would make such a lovely garden of it." So he decided he would buy it from Naboth.

One day he spoke to Naboth about it. "Give me thy vineyard," he said, "that I may have it for a garden of herbs, because it is near my house. I will give thee for it a better vineyard than it, or, if it seem good to thee, I will give thee the worth of it in money."

This was a fair enough offer, and if Naboth had wanted to sell, they would probably have made the terms quickly and there would not have been any story about it.

But Naboth did not want to sell. He thought how it had belonged to his father and his grandfather and his great-grandfather before that, and how precious it was to him. He would rather have his own vineyard than any other vineyard in the world, and no amount of money would seem half so valuable. He said to King Ahab, "The Lord forbid it me, that I give the inheritance of my fathers unto thee."

Then King Ahab sulked. Yes, that is just what King Ahab did! He flopped himself down on the bed, and turned his face to the wall, and wouldn't come to supper —just for all the world like a great big naughty baby. This was because he was coveting his neighbour's vineyard, and was discontented and cross because he couldn't have what he wanted.

Now Ahab had a wife named Jezebel who was just about as wicked a woman as ever lived in the Kingdom of Israel. Ahab could think of plenty of wicked things to do, but what Ahab couldn't think of, Jezebel could. This time it was Jezebel who had a plan.

Jezebel wrote letters in Ahab's name and sealed them

with his seal and sent them to the nobles that were in his city. In the letters she told them to hire two bad low-down men to bear false witness against Naboth.

The nobles did so. The bad men were hired to say that Naboth had cursed God and the king. At this the people were furious and at once put Naboth to death.

Then Jezebel told Ahab that Naboth was dead and that there was no reason why he could not have the vineyard. Ahab was just about to go and take possession when he saw someone coming and his heart just about stood still. It was Elijah, the great, stern, fearless prophet of Israel! Ahab was afraid of Elijah because Elijah knew how wicked he had been. God was with Elijah, and Ahab knew it.

"Hast thou found me, O mine enemy?" cried Ahab.

And Elijah answered, "I have found thee because thou hast sold thyself to do evil in the sight of the Lord." And he told him of terrible things that would happen because he and his wife had been so wicked.

Then Ahab was sorry for what he had done and what he had allowed Jezebel to do. He put on a garment made of sackcloth and went without eating, which was the way they had in those days of showing God they were sorry. But no amount of being sorry could bring back the life of Naboth nor make the pretty vineyard a happy home again.

Hints to the Teacher. This story contains a case of "bearing false witness" as well as the coveting, which gives a good opportunity for the review of the last lesson. Bring out the danger of coveting because of the sins that often follow it, as in the case of Ahab. Ask the children if it is right to want things. Make a clear distinction between the legitimate desire for wholesome worthwhile things, and the fruitless longing for the possessions of others.

Ask how we shall go about to get the things we want and feel it is right for us to have. There are two ways: (1) praying, (2) working. These two should go together; neither one alone should be held up as sufficient.

Tell the children that the surest way in the world to be happy and contented is to be working for the good and worthwhile things that we want, trusting that God is with us ever ready to help, and to provide for us those things which in His infinite justice and wisdom He knows it is best for us to have.

A STORY-SERMON FOR THE WORSHIP PERIOD

The Wish-Bone Boy

Once upon a time there was a boy who had a wish-bone where his back-bone should have been. Did you ever have a chicken-pie or a roast turkey and on your plate find the wish-bone? And did you dry it and make a wish? It is very good luck to find a wish-bone on your plate, but it isn't at all lucky to have one yourself instead of a back-bone.

This boy who had a wish-bone where his back-bone should have been did not stand up very straight. A wish-bone, you know, is curved and not straight like a back-bone. But the worst thing about this boy was that he was always wishing for something and never satisfied. He wished he had a better house to live in like some of the boys he knew, and he wished they had good things to eat at his house like they did at Aunt Hattie's, and he wished he was smart so he could get good grades in school like his brother.

He used to come to the —— Church Sunday School sometimes, though he always wished it didn't begin so early so he could sleep later, and he wished they would sing more, or wouldn't sing so much—I don't remember

which. He wished they would pick him out to take part in some of the special programmes. He would show them, he thought, what good speaking was. He wished he had a lot of money so he could make a real generous offering, but a nickel didn't amount to anything, he said, and anyway he had to save his nickels to buy chewing-gum. He wished he had the money that Henry Ford has. My! wouldn't he do a lot of good with it!

When he went along the street and saw papers and orange peelings on the sidewalk, he would say, "Oh, I wish I were mayor of this city! Wouldn't I have these streets looking better!" But when his sister chided him for himself throwing down an orange peeling, he said, "Oh, one more won't make any difference."

When this boy who had a wish-bone where his backbone should have been was about fourteen years old, he made a mistake and accidentally joined the —— Church. He thought he had joined a club, but instead he had joined the Church which, of course, is quite a different thing. He has often wished he hadn't, for the Every Member Canvass Committee is always after him to make a pledge, and while he wishes very much that he could do so, he simply can't and that's all there is to it.

He hasn't been at work so very long but he has had a great many jobs. He wishes his employers half appreciated his good qualities, but none of them seem to. And so this poor fellow goes on wishing and wishing. He is very unhappy because he is always wanting things that he cannot have, or wanting to be something that he cannot attain without effort. It is really quite too bad, for he might easily amount to something and be a loved and honoured citizen if it were not for that awful wish-bone.

So I am hoping that none of you have any wish-bones except the kinds that grow in chickens and turkeys and

ducks. And if you should ever feel yourself getting one, I hope you will stiffen up, and lift your chest and say: I have a BACK-BONE which was given me by my Heavenly Father, and He will help me use it according to His plan.

LESSON 11

REVIEW

Aim. To fix firmly in the mind of the child the Ten Commandments and their applications by a recapitulation of all the Old Testament lessons.

Scripture Material. The ten Bible stories hitherto studied.

Memory Work. All ten of the commandments repeated in order.

For the Child to Do. 1. Choose a favourite Bible story from this term's lessons and tell it at home. Report success at the next meeting of the class.

2. Print the Ten Commandments neatly on a piece of good paper; decorate the margins with small pictures cut from magazines or seed catalogues; mount on a piece of cardboard; tie with ribbon at the top so that it may be hung up. The teacher should provide patterns for illuminated initials. After the exhibition, the card may be hung up in the child's room as a frequent reminder of the commandments.

3. Make a scroll of the law. Lollipop sticks are the proper size for a small model. Ornament the two top ends of the sticks with large beads. Write Micah 6:8 on the paper that is to form the scroll. Glue the ends of the paper to the sticks. One of the scrolls should be made much larger,—sticks about eighteen inches long, and the ends ornamented with the knobs of curtain rods. This large scroll should be saved carefully for use in the pageant at the close of the year.

SUMMARY OF THE OLD TESTAMENT STORIES

MOSES
- received from God the Ten Commandments and gave them to the people.
- broke the tables of stone and rebuked the children of Israel for making the golden calf.
- saw the burning bush and learned God's name.
- told the children of Israel they could not gather manna on the Sabbath.

JOSEPH
- honoured his father.
- was pure in heart.

CAIN—killed his brother Abel.

ACHAN—stole silver and gold that had been devoted to God as an offering.

JACOB—lied to his father and cheated his brother out of his blessing.

AHAB—coveted Naboth's vineyard.

Hints to the Teacher. Review the Bible stories in respect to the commandments which they illustrate. The summary given above will be helpful if written on a blackboard or chart where it can be seen by the class.

Have the Ten Commandments written on cards and the cards cut in small pieces, allowing the members of the class to compete for honours in putting the words together correctly in the shortest time. Be sure that the children learn where to find the commandments in the Bible.

Emphasize the great positive virtues that underlie the Old Testament laws.

A STORY FOR THE WORSHIP PERIOD

Shall and Will[1]

You probably know that some of the strangest and most delightful of the fairies are the Word Fairies. The Flower Fairies are prettier and the Candy Fairies are sweeter, but the Word Fairies are very wise and helpful.

Among the Word Fairies there is a pair of twins. There are several pairs of twins, in fact, but I am going to tell you about two twin fairies who are so much alike that people are always taking one for the other and getting them mixed up. These fairies are named Shall and Will. Sometimes serious things happen when people get these fairies mixed up—people, or the little creatures who use words when people do not hear. Once a big black beetle who couldn't manage his pretty little wings very well tumbled into a pool of water. He called for the fairies but he got them mixed, and what he said was, "No one SHALL help me, I WILL drown!" So, of course, he did drown.

There is another little fairy whom you often find with Shall and Will, and that is the Not Fairy. They are good friends and very useful to people who want to say, "I shall not," or "I will not."

Once there were two children, a boy and a girl, who depended on these three fairies to help them to be good. These children had learned the Ten Commandments and they could say them all by heart—all the "thou shalt's" and the "thou shalt not's." (Of course Shalt is the same as Shall, only in different clothes.)

I will show you how the fairies helped the children to be good. For instance, one day the boy was passing a fruit-stand and there were some huge red apples right

[1] Based on a story-sermon by Dr. Edwin G. Warner.

within reach, and the keeper was not looking. The boy almost put up his hand to take one when here came the fairies tripping along into his mind just as fast as they could. He thought, "'Thou shalt not steal;' I will not steal," and he, an honest boy, squared his shoulders and walked past.

And one day the girl wanted to go out with some other children but her mother told her that those children did not behave well and she could not go with them. She was just about to be saucy and rude when here came the fairies running into her mind for all they were worth. She thought, "'Thou shalt honour thy father and mother;' I will honour my mother." So instead of being saucy she said, "All right, mother, you know best."

With the other commandments it worked just the same way. The children would think, "You shall not lie about anybody or anything; we will not lie about anybody or anything," or "You shall not covet your neighbour's fine clothes and new automobile; we will not covet our neighbour's fine clothes and new automobile."

Then one day a dreadful thing happened. The fairies got into a quarrel. You wouldn't think it could happen in Fairyland and it doesn't very often, but when it does it causes a great deal of trouble, as you shall see. The Not Fairy didn't know which was most to blame. Sometimes she went with Shall and they made faces at Will, and sometimes she went with Will and they made faces at Shall.

This is the way it worked out with the children who were depending on the fairies to help them to be good: On Sunday morning the girl thought about going to a party given by the Pleasure Fairy instead of going to church. Now it is all right to like the Pleasure Fairy if you do not like her too well. But she is only a fairy and

never, *never* should be worshipped, though I am sorry to say a great many people do worship the Pleasure Fairy. The Shall Fairy tried to help the girl by reminding her of the commandment which says, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me," but the other fairies didn't play fair and the girl said, "I *will* have another god, I will worship the Pleasure Fairy." So the girl went to the party instead of going to church. She bowed very low to the Pleasure Fairy and gave her all the money that she should have given to God.

And the boy, about that time, grew very angry at another boy and started to say bad words. Two fairies came all right, but the other failed. He thought, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain," but he said to himself, "I will if I like," and he used some bad swear words.

The boy and the girl were not happy breaking the commandments. Their father and mother and their Church School teacher felt so sad and disappointed in them, and they had an uncomfortable feeling down in their hearts. "What shall we do?" said the girl. "The fairies are not helping us as they did."

"I don't know what to do," said the boy, "unless,—unless—. Say, I have an idea. We might get into the habit of being good all the time and then we shouldn't have to stop and think about it."

"Fine," said the girl, "then we'd not need the Word Fairies. We can at least try it." So they tried it, and sure enough, the more they did it, the easier it grew.

When the Word Fairies found that they were not being called for any more, they began to feel neglected. Then they asked themselves what the matter was, and *then,* of course, they felt ashamed of their quarrel.

"It was my fault," said the Not Fairy. "I ought to

have gone right on and not taken sides with either of you."

"Oh, no! It wasn't your fault, it was mine," said Shall.

"Not at all," said Will. "I am the one who was to blame."

So in almost no time at all they had made up and promised each other they would never quarrel again. And they never have to this day. Now when people are tempted to break the commandments the fairies do all they can to help them, but if people do insist on breaking them, it is their own fault and not the fault of the fairies.

II

NEW TESTAMENT LESSONS

LESSON 12

HOW JESUS TAUGHT

Aim. To make such a background for the lessons on the teachings of Jesus that the figure of Jesus will stand out in a clear and lifelike way, and His words will carry the note of authority.

Scripture Material. Matthew 4:23-5:2; 7:24-29.

Memory Verse. And seeing the multitudes, he went up into the mountain: and when he had sat down, his disciples came unto him: and he opened his mouth and taught them.

For the Child to Do. 1. Colour an outline map of Palestine which shows the political divisions in the time of Christ. Locate Bethlehem, Nazareth, Jerusalem. Mount the map on a piece of cardboard and cut into irregular pieces to form a puzzle.

2. Visit a place where a modern building is being put up, preferably in the city where deep excavations are being made for the foundation. Think what would happen if the foundation was not good.

3. Write a prayer for guidance in the study of the New Testament lessons that they may prove helpful in the building of a sound Christian character.

THE STORY FROM THE BIBLE

The children of Israel who received the Ten Commandments from God tried hard, most of the time, to keep them; though sometimes, as we have learned, they did not do as well as they should. There would be times when the children of Israel would forget God and turn

away from Him, and other times when they would turn back again and try to keep His commandments. As the years went by, it came about that many of the children of Israel seemed to try to see how bad they could be without actually breaking the law.

Then God sent His Son Jesus into the world to teach them a better way.

Jesus found that many people were sick and blind and lame, and He felt sorry for them. He had the power to make sick people well again, so whenever anyone came to Him who needed help He would gladly give it. Great numbers of people followed Him and He healed them.

But Jesus knew he had something more important to do even than curing people's sick bodies. He must teach them the great truths about the kingdom of God which was to be built in the hearts of men. The first book in the New Testament tells us many things that Jesus taught. It tells of a time when Jesus went up into a mountain and His disciples and many people followed Him. Jesus went up a little way and sat down, and the people drew near to hear what He would say.

Then Jesus gave His hearers some rules to live by that we are going to learn in this second part of our course. They are found in the fifth, sixth, and seventh chapters of Matthew, and are spoken of as "The Sermon on the Mount." Jesus said He did not come to do away with the Ten Commandments, but He wanted His followers to do even better than the Ten Commandments taught, and He wanted them to keep all the laws in a more kindly and willing spirit.

Jesus finished by telling a story, and the story was something like this:

Once there were two men who started each to build a

house for himself. The first man dug down to the rock and laid a strong, solid foundation for his house. Then he built firmly upon that foundation.

The second man gave no thought to the foundation, but built his house upon the sandy earth.

Soon after these two houses were finished, there came a great and terrible storm. The sky grew very black, then the rain came down in torrents, and the wind—oh, how the wind did howl and roar! The ocean was whipped by the wind into great waves that came crashing in along the shore with a noise like thunder.

The first man was safe and snug in his good strong house. The rains descended and the floods came and beat upon that house but it did not fall, for it was founded upon a rock.

The second man shivered as he felt his house trembling and heard the timbers creak. He decided it was not safe to stay in it any longer. He put on his coat and started out into the storm, and it was well that he did, for he was hardly out when the house fell with a mighty crash and was washed away into the sea.

Jesus said that a person who heard the teachings He gave and did them was like this man who built his house upon the rock. But the person who heard the teachings and did not keep them was like the foolish man who built upon the sand.

Hints to the Teacher. If your pupils have not been regular attendants at Sunday School, make sure in this lesson that they know who Jesus is. Make sure also that they realize that He lived in a real country which can be found on the map.

Discuss the best foundations for Christian character. If you have a blackboard, draw the foundation stones of a building and write on them the fundamental traits of

Christian character as they are brought out in the discussion.

A STORY FOR THE WORSHIP PERIOD

The King Who Wished to Be Good[1]

Once upon a time there lived a king who desired to be good. His father had been so wicked that his people hated him, and when the old king died and the young king came to the throne, the kingdom was in a sorry state. Now the old king had so many sins you could hardly begin to name them. He was not at all good to his queen and one day in a drunken rage he slew his only brother. He often laid awake nights planning bad things to do.

Being a very bad old king, he paid little attention to the training of his son, who therefore grew up wholly under his mother's care. The queen was not an overly wise woman, but experience had taught her what a lot of trouble is caused by wickedness, so in nearly all her teaching she kept telling the prince what not to do. She made him see to what condition the kingdom had come because of his father's wickedness. She showed him the ugliness of sin. She made him want to be good, but she taught him only how not to be bad.

So when the old king died and the young king reigned in his stead, he let it be known that he wished to be a good king. The people were very glad, and hailed the new king joyfully. "Now," said they, "we shall be a happy people again."

The king married a princess from a neighbouring realm, and when the people saw that he was going to be

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[1] Adapted from a story in *The Richer Life*, by Walter A. Dyer; used by permission, Doubleday, Page and Company.

a good husband they rejoiced. He banished all the crooked and evil-minded men and women from his court and established good men and ladies in their places. He put a stop to the unlawful things that the people had been doing, and made peace with his neighbours. Then he seated himself quietly on his throne and devoted himself to the task of being a just and honourable ruler.

Years went by, and the king did no evil. But somehow he warmed not the people's hearts.

By and by a famine came. The crops failed and there was much misery in winter. The king saw to it that the police redoubled their watchfulness to prevent thieving and any other crime which the hard times might encourage.

But murmurings and grumblings arose among the people, and when they reached the ears of the king in his comfortable palace he was surprised and grieved. "The people must be patient," said he. "They should remember how much worse was their plight under a wicked king."

But the murmurings grew louder, until one day a delegation of citizens came to the gates of the royal castle and demanded that something be done for their relief. The king was alarmed and hastily summoned his council, but they gave him no encouragement. "Hunger and suffering have wrought the people to a frenzy," they said. "Nothing can be done till another harvest."

At his wits' end, the king at last sent for Fra Dominique, an old hermit who was reputed to be very wise. "What shall I do?" cried the king in despair. "The people are turning against me—me, who have always been called Rudolph the Good."

"What hast thou done?" asked Fra Dominique.

"Done?" cried the king, mistaking his meaning; "I have done nothing. I have never ground down the people as my father did, but now they turn against me."

"But what hast thou done to make them love thee?" asked the sage. "Hast gone among them, taking bread to the hungry and comfort to the sick? Hast ever spoken a kind word to old men or young mothers?"

"Ah," broke in King Rudolph, with a smile, "thou dost not understand. Those are not kingly tasks. Thou hast lived so long in thy mountain hut that thou hast forgotten how the affairs of men are conducted. It is for the king to rule, not to do these things."

"Nay," replied Fra Dominique; "then I cannot help thee," and shaking his hoary old head, he hobbled out of the audience-room, while the courtiers tittered behind their hands.

The discontent grew as winter advanced and suffering increased. The king slept in a coat of mail for fear of his own people.

But the young queen, who had been born in a happier kingdom, heard the words of the old hermit and pondered them in her heart. And after the sun had set she slipped out to the cottage of Simon the gardener, whose wife lay sick of the fever. There she learned things that made her think; and on the following day she took bread and went forth into the town, trembling and afraid, but steadfast in her purpose. She called at the old cobbler's shop and left food for his starving little ones. She visited the crusty old miller and gave him gold for flour which she left at the homes of the needy. The next day she went forth again, and the next, and the next.

The people at first received her coldly and with suspicion, but soon they began to doff their caps and curtsy when she approached, and finally to follow her in the

streets to kiss the hem of her robe. They called her Madeline the Kind.

The queen saw that she was doing but little to relieve the sufferings of the people, so at last she sent her jewels to the kingdom of her father, and in the early spring great wagons came over the mountains laden with grain, and flocks of sheep were driven into the valley to provide food and clothing for the stricken people.

Then came the work of sowing and cultivating, and with the prospect of good crops the people ceased their murmurings, and the king rested in peace. He rode forth again on his big roan mare, and the people saluted him as of yore. "There rides Rudolph the Good," said some.

"Yes," said others, "but wait, and thou mayst have a glimpse of his queen, Madeline the Kind."

At the head of his glittering cavalcade King Rudolph passed on beyond the town and out among the fields, and his heart swelled with pride. "Ah!" he cried, "see what it is to be a good king!"

Then he bethought himself of old Fra Dominique, and, being in the mood, he urged his good mare up the winding path to the hermit's hut. "Good morrow, Fra Dominique," he cried, leaping from his horse. "And how is the gay world using thee?"

"Better than I deserve," replied the hermit.

"Why sayest thou so?" asked the king. "Thou art a good man."

"A man may be as good as a saint," quoth the hermit, "but he is an old man who has lived long enough to do all the good that the world deserves of him."

"Thou speakest in riddles," laughed the king. "See yonder fields with their growing corn, and the men singing at their work? They are happy because they have a good king, Fra Dominique."

"Nay," answered the hermit, "it is because they have a good queen. Listen, and I will give thee the truth of it. There is but one talisman that will ward off woe and bring sleep to the pillow of king or peasant. It is the talisman Goodness. On one side of it is written the word 'morality,' and on the other, 'kindness.' It is incomplete and useless without both. Wear this talisman and thou wilt indeed be a good king."

But Rudolph was already weary of good counsel, and leaping on his mare he dashed down the hill with his merry cavaliers.

All this term we have studied the Ten Commandments and found them very good. But if we have only the goodness of the Ten Commandments, we become something like King Rudolph who wanted to be good but had only half of it. For the rest of the year we are going to study what our Lord Jesus taught about kindness and love, and obeying what He teaches us will make our goodness complete.

LESSON 13

WHAT JESUS SAID ABOUT FORGIVING

Aim. To help the child to overcome his angry passions by substituting the spirit of forgiveness.

Scripture Material. Matthew 5:21-24; 18:21-35.

Memory Verse. If ye forgive men their trespasses, your Heavenly Father will also forgive you. Matthew 6:14.

For the Child to Do. 1. The members of the class should think if there is any one with whom they are angry. If so, they should do all in their power to "make up" right away.

2. Describe an incident (preferably from real life) where some one was injured but did not get angry.

3. The children may make greeting cards to send to persons with whom they have quarrelled, thus showing their willingness to forgive and be forgiven. Greetings may be for Christmas, Valentine's Day or Easter, whichever season is nearest. Attractive cards may be made by cutting tiny pictures from old cards, pasting them on correspondence cards, and printing an appropriate message with pen and ink.

THE STORY FROM THE BIBLE

Of all the young men who knew Jesus best, there was probably no one who was more interested in Him than Peter. Whenever Jesus did or said anything unusual, it was pretty apt to be Peter who said something about it. Sometimes he asked questions, and Jesus was always glad to explain things to him.

One day Peter came to Jesus with a question about forgiveness. He said, "Lord, how often shall my brother sin against me and I forgive him? Until seven times?"

But Jesus said, "I do not say unto thee until seven times, but until seventy times seven." Then Jesus told a story, and the story was something like this:

There was once a certain king who made up his mind that he would settle his accounts with his servants. When he began to reckon he found that one of the servants owed him ten thousand talents. The servant did not have any money to pay, so the king said he and his wife and his children must be sold as slaves, and all his goods sold so that the debt could be paid.

Hearing this, the servant fell down on his knees before the king. "Have patience with me," he cried, "and I will pay thee all."

Then the king felt sorry for him and decided he would not be so cruel in his requirements. He told the servant that he could go free and that he need not pay him at all. The servant thanked the king and went out, feeling very happy and relieved.

He had not gone far when he met one of his fellow-servants who owed him a hundred shillings. As soon as he saw him he became very angry at him. He took hold of him roughly and pulled him around by the neck. "Pay what thou owest!" he demanded.

Then his fellow-servant fell down at his feet and begged him to have mercy on him. "Have patience with me and I will pay thee," he said.

But the first servant would not hear him. He took him and had him put into prison because of the debt which he could not pay.

The people who saw what had been done felt very badly about it and came and told the king all that had happened. The king was highly indignant, and calling the first servant in to him again he said to him, "Thou wicked servant, I forgave thee all that debt when thou didst ask me. Shouldest not thou also have had mercy on thy fellow-servant even as I had mercy on thee?" And the king gave him over to the jailer to be punished.

So it is also with the Heavenly Father. He is willing to forgive us our wrongdoing, but He says we must forgive those who have wronged us.

Hints to the Teacher. Ask the children to recall the sixth commandment. Moses said, It is wrong to kill; Jesus said, It is wrong to be angry. This is a higher and more difficult law. The experience of "getting mad" is a common one to most children. Our task today is to show them the self-controlled, Christ-like way of meeting a disagreeable situation.

Have the passage from the Sermon on the Mount read in the class from the Bible itself.

Jesus taught that it is more important to be reconciled to your brother than to go to church—that is, you should do the one first in order to be ready for the other.

Help the children to root out grudges and unkind thoughts about people. Tell them when tempted to speak angrily to stop and think how the words will sound. Encourage them to look for the good qualities in people.

Close the lesson with the thought that Jesus Himself was the most perfect example of one who forgave. When the people abused Him in the most cruel and shameful way possible He was perfectly calm and self-possessed, and at the end He prayed, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

TWO LITTLE STORIES FOR THE WORSHIP PERIOD

John and Ivan[1]

It happened over on the East Side. People were running from all directions. The passer-by ran, too, and soon found a big crowd collected around an open space in the street where two boys stood facing each other. The crowd was jeering and cheering, crying: "Go to it, John; beat him up. Oh, you're a coward!" "Give him another, Ivan." But, strange to say, there didn't seem to be any fight going on. John just stood there. "Ivan hit him," said some one in explanation. "You see, John's been here quite a while, maybe two years; but Ivan has just come over, and he wants to show 'em that he's just as good as anybody. So he struck John to try to make him fight. But John won't."

After they had grown tired of waiting, the crowd gradually disappeared. They had urged and goaded and nagged and called names, but John wouldn't fight. He just stood there with his arm held tight at his side, anger and scorn written all over his face, but saying to himself: "I won't, I won't, I won't."

When everybody had gone the passer-by went up to John and said, "Why wouldn't you fight?"

"Well," said John, "I wanted to like everything, but I learned in Sunday School that a Christian won't hit back."

A Quarrel at Marbles and What Stopped It[2]

Boys of all generations are just alike,—at least in this respect: that they like to play marbles in the spring. No

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[1] Used by permission. From *Manual for Training in Worship*, by Hugh Hartshorne. Charles Scribner's Sons.

[2] Adapted from a story in *Little Ten Minutes*, by Frank T. Bayley, copyright by Fleming H. Revell Company.

one can pass on a spring day along any sidewalk that is digable without seeing boys at marbles; the same marked line, a circle or a crack in the soil; the same making of little holes; the same marbles, I think, for marbles haven't changed much with the modern improvements.

I am going to tell you something that once happened in connection with a game of marbles. It was played close under the windows of the home. By the window sat the mother of the children; the window was open because the day was balmy and bright. That mother had a peculiar way of breaking up her children's quarrels. She almost always succeeded, if she was near enough, in making them ashamed of themselves when they began to quarrel.

Well, as the game went on, the mother, sitting at the window, heard one boy say: "You cheated." The other boy said, "I didn't." "You did." "I didn't." "You did." By that time the game had stopped and it looked as if there would be a fight the next minute.

And then the mother came into the game! Her advice was new to them. She said: "Sing it, boys, sing it." And while they were yet looking a little queer, they heard a strange song, like this:

"O Willie, you cheated!
O Willie, you cheated!
O Willie, you cheated,
But I didn't cheat you."

"Sing it, boys," she said, again.

They couldn't sing it. When they looked into each other's faces, they smiled; they felt ashamed. They couldn't very well fight now, so in half a minute the game was going again as if nothing had happened.

LESSON 14

RETURNING GOOD FOR EVIL

Aim. To interpret further to the child the truly Christian way of dealing with those who have wronged him.

Scripture Material. Matthew 5:46-48; Philemon.

Memory Verse. Love your enemies; do good to them that hate you. Luke 6:27.

For the Child to Do. 1. The child should look for an opportunity to do a "good turn," helping some one whom he thinks dislikes him.

2. If there is some one who has done the child an injury, the child should pray for that person and should be willing to forgive him before asking God's forgiveness for his own shortcomings.

3. Continue the work on greeting cards for the purpose described in Lesson 13. Simple gifts may be made if preferred. The most nimble-fingered juniors may make one or two extra cards to keep for the exhibition; the other cards should be sent out.

4. Rehearse the playlet, "The Second Mile in Anyboro," for next week's lesson.

THE STORY FROM THE BIBLE

Philemon lived in a city called Colossæ. He owned a beautiful home with walls of white marble and gardens all about it sweet with the breath of flowers. But Philemon was not happy—at least not today. He paced up and down the garden path, then sat down on a stone bench and leaned his head upon his hands.

Of all the worthless, good-for-nothing young fellows

who had ever worked for him, he thought, surely this Onesimus was the worst. Now he had proved himself a thief and had run away. Philemon tried to think if in any of his dealings with his slaves he had been unfair and unkind. He did not think so. He had meant to do right. He was a Christian. Christian people in the city looked up to him and asked his advice about things. Surely this slave Onesimus was entirely at fault. The name Onesimus means profitable. "Profitable indeed!" Philemon's lip curled in a smile of scorn. If he could just get hold of the young rascal—! But there was little hope of ever seeing him again.

In that part of the world there was one man whom the Christian people looked up to more than to any other, and that man's name was Paul. Paul had not been to Colossæ but Philemon had seen him in another city and admired him very much. Paul made tents for a living, but he did not spend a great deal of time at his tent-making; he had something more important to do. His greatest work was to tell people about Jesus.

Philemon and the Christian people at Colossæ hoped that Paul would some day come to them. On Sundays it was the custom of some of the people to come to Philemon's home and pray together and encourage each other. One day news came to them that the great Apostle Paul had been unjustly imprisoned in Rome, and oh, how sad they felt!

Weeks and months passed, and Philemon had begun to forget about Onesimus and the wrong he had done him. He thought more about his friend Paul in prison. He wondered how he was and if he needed anything. He wished that he might receive a letter from him. Sometime, perhaps, he would write a letter to the church at Colossæ and all the Colossian Christians could share it.

Suddenly, at Philemon's home, there was great excitement among the servants. Philemon looked and saw two guards leading a young man. The guards were holding him by the arms but the young man was walking quietly between them, not trying to get away. Philemon stared. Could it be? It was, indeed, Onesimus!

"Most gracious Philemon," said the guard, "we caught this rascal just outside the gate. He claimeth to be bringing thee a letter from the Apostle Paul."

Philemon's face grew pale as his great indignation against Onesimus swept over him, but he spoke calmly. "How dost thou dare to come to me?" he said.

"I pray thee, my lord, read the letter that I bring thee from the Apostle," said Onesimus.

Philemon took the letter,—a roll of parchment, it was, not flat and folded like our letters. It began with a greeting to Philemon and his family and the friends who met with them on Sunday. Then it told how happy Paul was as he thought of Philemon's kindness and generosity. The letter then told how Onesimus, the runaway slave, had been with Paul and become a Christian. "I am sending him back to thee," wrote Paul, "and I am sending my own heart, for I should like to have kept him here with me. Perhaps he was parted from thee for a season that thou shouldst have him forever; no longer as a servant but more than a servant, a brother beloved. . . . If then thou countest me a partner, receive him as myself. But if he hath wronged thee at all, or oweth thee aught, put that to mine account; I will repay it."

Philemon read the letter all through and then he read it again. He looked at Onesimus. The boy indeed seemed changed. His face was eager and his eye was steady and clear. It was like the Apostle to want him to receive the boy, not as a runaway slave to be punished,

but as a Christian brother and friend. It was like Jesus who said we should return good for evil.

Philemon bowed his head. Then he laid his hand on Onesimus' shoulder. "I receive thee," he said.[1]

Hints to the Teacher. This lesson includes some of the same thoughts as last week's lesson, but gives an important addition. Here we have the three steps: (1) Don't be angry; (2) Be ready to forgive the one who has injured you; (3) Do something for him.

The sequence of ideas in the stories for the worship period should be discussed by the pupils: (1) the boy who was angry but did not hit back; (2) the boys who stopped being angry; (3) the young man who saved his enemy's life.

Remind the children of all that was said last week about ways to get over being cross at people who have not treated us right. Tell them that the best way of all is to do something for those people. If there is nothing we can do for them in the physical realm, there is always something we can do for them in the spiritual realm: we can pray for them.

A STORY FOR THE WORSHIP PERIOD

The Code of the Trail[2]

Bob Russell spread the thick pad on the back of the white mule and smoothed it carefully, getting ready to take on the bags of mail. As he did so, Zeke Timmons, veteran postmaster of the mountain village, came out into the road carrying a letter. He stood by, silently watching,

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[1] I feel justified in assuming that Philemon received Onesimus at the request of St. Paul because of a rather well-founded tradition that Onesimus was with the family of Philemon at the time of their martyrdom in the Neronian persecutions.

[2] Adapted from a story by Dennis H. Stovall in *The Classmate.* Used by permission.

while the young mail carrier slung the four heavy pouches, nicely balancing them, two on a side.

At last old Zeke cocked an eye skyward, taking deliberate note of the long, low-hanging cloud bank over the ragged hump of the mountains. "Looks as if you and Jerry will have a tough time of it this trip, Bob," he remarked. "There's a blizzard headed toward the Gap, or I'm no judge o' weather."

"Mebbe so, Zeke," Bob answered indifferently. "All weather looks alike to Jerry and me. It's our business to get through regardless."

He turned to the postmaster and observed the letter in his hand. "Does that go, Zeke?" he inquired.

"Yep—special delivery," the postmaster informed. "It's for Tweed Malvern—"

"Tweed Malvern!" Young Russell spoke the name in an exclamation of displeasure and surprise. "When did Tweed blow into this country?"

"Tweed has possession of the Yellow Pine holdin's on Blue Ridge, just a mile beyond your father's claim," Zeke explained. "And he's in there for a reason. You know Tweed—"

"I know him for a scamp and a scalawag!" Bob Russell cut in bitterly. "He it was who took advantage of my father's confidence and beat him out of all his hard-earned savings. You're right, I know Tweed!" Bob's gray eyes were blazing. "But this letter, Zeke, where shall I leave it?"

"Tweed will be down at the Forks waiting for you when you come along," said old Zeke. "But listen, Bob, there's something about this letter I happen to know. There's a government notification in this letter that will give Tweed Malvern power to jump your father's claim day after tomorrow. He has found a flaw in the records."

Bob Russell stared. "Dad knows nothing about this. He's up at Boise and couldn't possibly get here short of three or four days. Why hasn't he been notified?"

"Your daddy has been notified, Bob," Zeke assured him. "I have it from a friend of mine at the land office. They sent him word just as soon as they discovered the error. Tweed has the advantage both of time and distance. But there is one point he has overlooked, Bob." The old man drew closer. "This letter must get through and actually reach Tweed's hands in order for him to carry out his scheme—"

"Stop, Zeke! You've said enough." The young carrier's words came quick and sharp. He seized the old man by the shoulder and for a moment the two exchanged silent glances. It was as if each were measuring the purpose, the honour, and the trustworthiness of the other.

"There's such a thing—sometimes—as preventable causes—snows, blizzards, blocked trails—" old Zeke mumbled weakly.

The carrier took the letter and tucked it into an inner pocket of his mackinaw. He turned and gave the white mule a pat on the neck. "There's never been any sort of preventable cause that kept Jerry and me from getting through. But just what may happen after I hand this letter to Tweed Malvern—! So long, Zeke!" With that they were off, the young mail carrier and the white mule, over the Blue Ridge trail.

At noon they halted for a short camp.

"Jerry, old scout," the carrier remarked companionably, as he took an uneasy squint at the leaden sky, "it will be snowing feather-beds before we reach the Forks, I'm guessing—"

Wise old Jerry winked his left eye and lopped his right

ear forward, a trick he had when he wanted his master to know he understood and agreed.

In just three-quarters of an hour they were on their way again.

No sooner had the mule and the carrier reached the summit than they were caught in the full blast of the gale that came howling over the divide. Old Jerry lowered his head and flattened his long ears against his neck, then pushed forward. Bob was almost lifted from his feet by that first shrieking gust. A half mile of this desperate going and the two halted in a protected cove. They had covered the windswept portion of the divide, but the snow was now settling in blinding clouds.

Contemplating what lay ahead on that danger trail, Bob Russell, standing against the warm flank of the white mule, felt a chill of misgiving. Yet it was not alone the danger and the uncertainty of the trail that made him hesitate. Try as he might, he could not altogether dismiss from his mind the feeling of bitterness. It was bad enough, just as a matter of duty, to face the terrors of the mountain blizzard, but to put the full measure of his courage and endurance to the test and play directly into the greedy fingers of Tweed Malvern seemed unjust and unfair.

"How about it, Jerry, old socks?" the carrier wanted to know, putting the matter up to the mule.

For answer Jerry winked his left eye and lopped his right ear, then started on. Within an hour they were wading to their knees in the deepening drifts.

Suddenly the mule came to a dead halt, head lowered, ears extended. "Go on, Jerry, old scout!" Bob urged.

Jerry took two more steps and halted again, snorting this time, and rearing back. Bob knew he had stumbled upon something in the snow and went around to investi-

gate. What he found was a man, lying in a huddle and almost buried in a drift. The carrier saw at once that he was not an experienced trail follower. He wore a light overcoat and had a silk scarf around his neck. When he turned him over and had a look at his face he jerked erect, letting go his hold. He had never believed he could lay his hands upon Tweed Malvern except in anger. And here was Tweed, half frozen, exhausted, helpless.

The young man felt his blood leap while the fires of a long-smouldering bitterness flamed up from the depths of his soul. His mittened hands clenched and he stood with half-closed eyes, his face lifted to the biting wind. Of a sudden there seemed to come to him from out of the shrieking gale the calm steady voice of his father repeating the time-honoured code of the trail: To be helpful; to be kind; to lend a hand; divide your rast ration, rather than let any human being starve.

Bob quickly determined what his father would do at a time like this. And he, too, would be true to the code of the trail, even for such an unworthy human being as Tweed Malvern. He stooped again and lifted the unfortunate man. He shook him violently in an attempt to rouse him; then briskly massaged his hands and cheeks, taking off his own mackinaw and pulling it on over Tweed's light overcoat.

When Tweed had revived sufficiently to open his eyes, Bob spoke to him. "I'm going to take you down—to Tom Beeker's shanty!" he announced grimly. "I'll set you on Jerry—and you must hold on—if you can."

Night was falling, thick and black, when they reached the cabin door. Tom Beeker the homesteader helped carry Tweed Malvern inside and then led old Jerry to a warm stall in the stable. In the cabin, Bob worked over the unconscious man and had him revived and sitting up

when Tom came in. As the carrier flung off the mackinaw and propped a chair at Tweed's back the special-delivery letter fell out on the floor.

The eyes of both the young man and of Tweed Malvern were held upon the envelope. Bob scowled, but he did not forget that he was a government carrier on duty. With grim determination he bent over and picked the letter up, passing it to Tweed. "This is for you," he announced briefly.

Tweed Malvern, smiling, opened the letter and pulled out a folded legal-looking document that bore the imprint of a notary's seal. "I started to the Forks— to get this," he remarked, "as I knew you would deliver it—on your regular trip east. But I got lost—in the storm—and wandered willy-nilly—till I was clean done—and had to drop."

Tweed Malvern paused and, raising his head, looked straight at Bob. He was not smiling now. "You have been more than square with me, Bob," he said in a husky voice. "You have taught me something I wish I could have learned long ago. Life would have been sweeter. I won't ask you to forgive me—that would be too much; but I do beg that you give me the chance to be your friend and your father's friend."

Then Tweed Malvern, turning toward the fire, tossed the special letter—the legal document with its impressive signatures and official seals—into the dancing flames. Turning toward Bob he stretched forth his hand. Bob seized it and gripped it hard.

"Supper is ready!" Tom Beeker called from the kitchen in a tone of cheery hospitality. "Come in and eat!"

LESSON 15

DOING MORE THAN IS REQUIRED

Aim. To give the child the highest standards of Christian generosity,—generosity both in respect to service and possessions, but with particular emphasis on service.

Scripture Material. Matthew 5:41, 42; Luke 22:7-13; John 13:1-17.

Memory Verse. And whosoever shall compel thee to go one mile, go with him two. Matthew 5:41.

For the Child to Do. 1. Do something for mother that has not been required.

2. Notice instances of courtesy and kindness among strangers and report at the next meeting of the class.

3. The teacher may pass light refreshments, cookies, for instance, that are unequal in size. See if the children who are supposed to have been learning generosity will pick for the largest. Give opportunity later for those who have had small ones to have more.

4. Rehearse the playlet, "The New Girl," for next week's lesson.

THE STORY FROM THE BIBLE

In the olden times when there were no railroad trains and no automobiles it was much harder to send goods from one part of a country to another than it is today. Sometimes when a king or an officer wanted something delivered quickly, he would send a messenger who had the right to make other people help him. He would stop a traveller on the road and make him put the burden on

his donkey or take it on his shoulder and carry it for a certain distance. Jesus taught that instead of complaining about having to do this kind of service and getting away from the man as quickly as you could, you should offer to go farther than he asked.

Jesus Himself was always doing for people more than they expected or asked. His friends did not expect Him to wait on them, but there was nothing that Jesus was not willing to do for people.

One evening He planned to have supper with the twelve disciples, His closest friends. He sent two of them, Peter and John, on ahead into the city to get the place ready. He told them when they came into the city of Jerusalem they should look for a man carrying a pitcher of water and should follow him until they came to the house where he was going. Then they should ask the master of the house to show them the room which "the Teacher" was to have for the supper with His disciples.

Peter and John came into the city and found the house as Jesus had told them. The master of the house showed them a large room up-stairs, and here they made ready for the supper.

Jesus and the other ten disciples came in. It was a warm day in spring and they were tired. In that country, you know, people travelled on foot a great deal and the roads were dusty and not always smooth. It was the custom there whenever guests came into a home for the one who was entertaining them to have a servant make them comfortable. Their feet would be hot and tired, so the servant would slip off the sandals that they wore, and wash their feet.

Jesus did not have a servant, so when the disciples had eaten He slipped off His robe, tied a towel round

Him, poured some water into a basin and began to wash the disciples' feet. They were very much surprised that He should be doing it Himself. They thought of Him as too great a person to do such a humble service for anyone. Peter said, "Lord, dost thou wash my feet?"

Jesus said, "What I do, thou knowest not now, but thou shalt understand hereafter."

"Thou shalt never wash my feet," said Peter.

But Jesus answered, "If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with me."

"Then, Lord," said Peter, "wash not my feet only but also my hands and my head."

When Jesus had finished, He put on His robe again and sat down with them at the table and told them many things. He told them they must learn to do things for each other,—even disagreeable things if necessary and things that are not required. "I have given you an example," said Jesus, "that ye should do as I have done to you. If ye know these things, blessed are ye if ye do them."

Hints to the Teacher. The spirit of this teaching can be translated into modern everyday life in many ways. Mother sends the child on an errand; the child does what is asked and then instead of rushing off to play as quickly as possible, says, "Is there anything else I can do?" Disagreeable tasks can be done with a smile. The inquiries of strangers can be answered courteously, and in a hundred ways life may be enriched by little thoughtful deeds of kindness. Verse 41 in the fifth chapter of Matthew refers to Christian generosity in matters of service; verse 42, in matters of possessions. Doing for others at some cost to one's self,—this is the life of service that the true Christian must live.

A PLAYLET FOR THE WORSHIP PERIOD

The Second Mile in Anyboro

Scene: A street in Anyboro.

Characters: The Stranger, The Unkind Citizen, The Kind Citizen. (The characters may be either boys or girls.)

(Enter: The Stranger.)

STRANGER: These people are very rude to strangers. Here comes someone. I'll see what she (he) says. (Enter: Unkind Citizen.) Excuse me, please. Will you tell me how to reach the Post Office?

UNKIND CITIZEN (*waving hand indefinitely and speaking very gruffly*). It's off that way. Follow your nose. (Exit: Unkind Citizen.)

STRANGER: Now, what do you think of that! This is about the worst answer I have received. All day I have asked and asked the way to places and no one has cared whether I found them or not. Here comes another. I will try once more. (Enter: Kind Citizen.) Excuse me, please. Will you tell me how to reach the Post Office?

KIND CITIZEN: Certainly. I am going not very far from the Post Office. I will go with you. (*They walk along a few steps, or as far as the platform will permit.*) There is the Post Office building, right in sight.

STRANGER: Thank you so much. And, by the way, may I have your name and address, please?

KIND CITIZEN: My name and address? Why do you want that?

STRANGER: I want to write it in my check book.

KIND CITIZEN (*very much surprised*): I don't understand.

STRANGER: I will explain. You see, the Anyboro *Times*

is giving fifty dollars every day this week to the person who is the most polite and courteous to strangers. I have been sent out to speak to people and ask them the way to the Post Office, the Library, and different streets. Many of the people have been rude, but you have not only told me how to reach the Post Office, you have come with me.

KIND CITIZEN: I am sure I did not dream of a reward.

STRANGER: That is the beauty of it.

(*Kind Citizen gives name; Stranger writes in check book, tears out check and hands to Kind Citizen.*)

KIND CITIZEN: Thank you, very much.

STRANGER: You are very welcome and I hope you may enjoy it.

(*Curtain, or exeunt.*)

LESSON 16

BEING FAIR-MINDED

Aim. To show that hasty judgments are often unkind and unfair; also that prejudice of any kind is un-Christian.

Scripture Material. Matthew 7: 1-5; Acts 5: 17-42.

Memory Verse. Judge not, that ye be not judged. Matthew 7: 1.

For the Child to Do. 1. The teacher should give to each child the name of some well-known and honoured representative of the Negro race, and also of the Jews, about whom he is to secure information and report at the next session. A suggested list is as follows: Booker T. Washington, Paul Lawrence Dunbar, Roland Hayes, H. H. Proctor; Disraeli, Steinmetz, Oscar Straus, Einstein, Stephen Wise, Adolph Ochs.

2. Each child should select some one at school with whom to be friendly—some one outside his particular circle of friends, and preferably some one against whom there might be a feeling of prejudice. Make a report of the response received.

3. If parents do not object, the teacher may take a group of children to some other church, attending a service which does not conflict with their own. Be sure to go reverently and not in the spirit of curiosity.

THE STORY FROM THE BIBLE

The Pharisees of the time of Jesus were the most religious people in the land. They loved their Scriptures and their law very much, but sad to say they were not always "doers of the word." They would rather say

words than do them. Most of the Pharisees were proud and narrow in their thinking, but today I am going to tell you about a Pharisee who was very fair-minded. This Pharisee's name was Gamaliel. He was a learned man, a doctor of the law, and well thought of by all the people.

One day Gamaliel was called to a council meeting with other men who understood about the law. They were to hear the case of the disciples of Jesus who had been charged with disturbing the peace. You see, after Jesus had gone to be with the Heavenly Father, the disciples went on preaching and healing the sick as Jesus had done, and great crowds gathered about them. The priests were jealous and did not like it, so they thought they could put a stop to it by having the disciples imprisoned.

When the council had been called together, they sent to the prison for the disciples. But in a few minutes the officers came back very much puzzled and upset. The disciples were nowhere to be found, they said. How they could have escaped from the prison, no one could imagine! (God had sent an angel to let them out of the prison, but of course Gamaliel and the other members of the council did not know that.) Soon someone came in and told them that the disciples had been found teaching the people just as they had been doing before they had been put into prison. The officers then went and brought them into the council.

The high priest was the first to speak and he was very stern. "We strictly charged you not to teach in this name," he said.

But Peter and the other disciples were not afraid of the high priest. "We must obey God rather than men," said Peter. Peter told them it was their fault that Jesus had been put to death and this made them very angry. There is no telling what they might have done to the dis-

ciples if Gamaliel, the fair-minded Pharisee, had not decided just at that minute that it was time for him to say something.

Gamaliel rose to his feet. First he asked to have the disciples taken out of the room for a few minutes so he could speak to the council alone. Then he said, "Ye men of Israel, take heed what ye are about to do." He reminded them of a time when a man named Theudas had "given himself out to be somebody" and about four hundred people had followed him. But Theudas had been put to death and his followers were scattered and did nothing. Another man also had tried to start something but had come to naught in the same way. So it would be with Jesus and His disciples, Gamaliel said, if God had not meant for them to do as they had done. "Let them alone," said Gamaliel, "for if this work be of men it will be overthrown; but if it is of God, ye will not be able to overthrow them. Let them alone, lest, haply, ye be found to be fighting against God."

Then the high priest and the men in the council decided that Gamaliel was right. They gave the disciples a beating and told them again not to preach or teach any more. But the disciples were happy to think they had been found worthy of suffering for the name of Jesus, and not for a day did they stop preaching about Him in the temple and at home.

Hints to the Teacher. Let the discussion centre about the following points:

Being fair-minded:

1. To new acquaintances,
2. To wrongdoers,
3. To people of other religious beliefs,
4. To people of other races.

Being fair-minded to new acquaintances is a very prac-

tical, every-day application of this teaching. The child who seems most attractive at first sight may not make the most worthy companion.

In teaching fair-mindedness to wrongdoers you are not to encourage the children to go in bad company. But it sometimes happens that the "bad" child who receives a little encouragement rather than persecution from his associates is able to mend his ways. Tell the children they are to judge themselves rather than other people, and explain the mote and beam passage from the Sermon on the Mount. Moffatt translates this, "the splinter and the plank."

Being fair-minded to people of other religious beliefs is a lesson that greatly needs to be taught. The story of Gamaliel fits in here.

Being fair-minded to people of different races is exceedingly important. Try to help your class to be fair in their thought of people whose skin is a different colour from their own. If you have more than one race in your class, do not preach it; *live* it. Let your every act and your whole attitude indicate unmistakably that God is no respecter of persons and that we are all one in Christ Jesus.

A PLAYLET FOR THE WORSHIP PERIOD

The New Girl

Scene: Somewhere on the school grounds. Two benches are seen, one at one side of the platform and one at the other.

Characters: Four girls, about ten or eleven years of age.

(ENTER: *Three girls carrying lunch boxes. Girls sit down on one of the benches.*)

FIRST GIRL: My, I'm hungry! I thought lunch time would never come.

SECOND GIRL: I'm hungry, too.

THIRD GIRL: Show us your ring, Adelaide. I can't wait to see it.

FIRST GIRL (*proudly showing ring*): Oh, yes, girls! See my ring that my uncle sent me for my birthday.

SECOND GIRL: Isn't it a beauty!

THIRD GIRL: Lovely!

(*First Girl does not put the ring back on her finger, but plays with it in her hand a while, and in getting her lunch-box open, accidentally drops the ring. The girls are interested now in their own lunch-boxes and no one notices the ring.*)

FIRST GIRL: It's too sunny here. Let's go over to that other bench.

(*Girls get up and go to bench indicated.*)

SECOND GIRL: What do you think of the new girl?

FIRST GIRL: I don't think much of her.

SECOND GIRL: You acted awfully interested.

FIRST GIRL: I wasn't interested in her.

SECOND GIRL: Well, why did you keep looking at her, then?

FIRST GIRL: I wanted to see what was the matter with her foot. Her shoe was worn funny on one side.

THIRD GIRL: I noticed she was a little lame.

SECOND GIRL: Yes, and didn't you nearly die when Ted limped down the aisle just exactly like her?

THIRD GIRL: I thought that was mean.

FIRST GIRL: Why, do *you* like the new girl?

THIRD GIRL: Well, she seems a little shy and odd, but I think her face is sweet.

(ENTER, *the New Girl, limping slightly. She hesitates, then walks to the bench where the girls were first sitting and takes out her lunch-box. First and Second Girls shrug their shoulders and talk in whispers for a very brief moment.*)

FIRST GIRL (*excitedly*): Where is my ring?

SECOND GIRL: Did you lose it?

THIRD GIRL: Didn't you put it back on your finger? (*The three girls search frantically in their laps, in their lunch boxes, and around the bench.*)

FIRST GIRL (*wailing*): Oh, my beautiful ring!

NEW GIRL (*spying the ring on the ground and picking it up*): Excuse me. Is this the lost ring? (*She rises and starts toward the girls.*)

FIRST GIRL (*jumping up delightedly to receive it*): Thank you, thank you; you're an angel!

NEW GIRL: No, I'm not an angel, but my eyes are good. (*She smiles pleasantly.*)

THIRD GIRL: Won't you sit with us?

NEW GIRL: Thank you, I'd like to very much. (*The girls move over and make a place for her.*)

SECOND GIRL: And do have some of my candy. (*Passes box around.*)

NEW GIRL (*happily*): Oh, how nice this is! You know, I told mother yesterday I didn't think I liked this school, but now I know I'm going to love it!

FIRST GIRL: Why didn't you like it yesterday?

NEW GIRL (*shyly*): Oh, I don't know. I thought the girls were—maybe—exclusive.

THIRD GIRL: Oh, no, we're not exclusive when you know us.

FIRST GIRL: Not a bit. (*Puts her arm around her.*) And we hope you'll like us, lots.

(*Curtain.*)

LESSON 17

THE LAW OF LOVE.

I. OUR NEAR-BY NEIGHBOURS

Aim. To create in the child the desire to be neighbourly and kind.

Scripture Material. Matthew 22:35-40; Luke 10:25-37.

Memory Verse. Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. Matthew 22:39.

For the Child to Do. 1. Look for opportunities to be a "Good Samaritan" at home and school.

2. Plant Chinese lily bulbs in preparation for Lesson 22. Start the bulbs in the dark until roots have formed, then bring to the light. The bulbs may be planted in bowls at the church, or at home, as preferred.

3. Ask the pastor and the church secretary if there is anything Juniors can do to help in the church work. Juniors can fold printed letters, fill envelopes and seal them, run errands, carry messages, and in other ways share in the work of the church. If there is nothing that can be done this week, there may be at some other time, especially at the time of the Every Member Canvass.

THE STORY FROM THE BIBLE

The road from Jerusalem to Jericho was lonely and wild. Bands of robbers hid in the caves along the way, and anyone journeying that road never knew whether he was going to get through safely or not. A man from Samaria who was riding that way on a little brown donkey thought how lonely the road

was,—not a house in sight, not even another traveller. But as he looked up to a higher point in the road he could see that there was at least one other traveller ahead of him. He decided the man must be a Jewish priest. Then not far behind the priest, the Samaritan discovered another traveller whom he made out to be a Levite.

Suddenly the Samaritan stopped the little brown donkey and sprang to the ground. Here, right in the road, was the body of a man. The Samaritan thought at first that he was dead, but soon found that he was still alive though badly wounded and bruised. "Poor fellow," thought the Samaritan. "He hath fallen into the hands of robbers."

He was beside him in a moment, examining his wounds and dressing them as best he could with things he had with him. As he worked he remembered the priest and the Levite whom he had seen. Surely they must have passed the man. They were Jews and the man was a Jew. Why had they not done something for him?

As soon as he had bandaged his wounds, he helped the man to get up and sat him on the little brown donkey. The man was very weak because of being so badly hurt, but the Samaritan walked along close beside the little donkey and kept the man from falling.

After travelling along in this way for quite a while, they came to an inn. The Samaritan helped the wounded man into the house, put him to bed, and got the things that he needed to make him well again. All night he stayed with him. Then, next morning before he started off again, he gave some money to the inn-keeper and spoke to him about the wounded man. "Take care of him," he said. "And whatsoever

thou spendest more, I, when I come again, will repay thee."

"A friend of thine?" asked the inn-keeper.

"Nay, just a fellow-traveller." The good Samaritan smiled kindly. "But I like a chance to be neighbourly."

This little story is like one that Jesus told one day when a lawyer asked Him what he should do to inherit eternal life. Jesus said, "What is written in the law. How readest thou?"

The lawyer replied, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbour as thyself."

"Thou hast answered right," said Jesus. "This do, and thou shalt live."

But the lawyer wanted to excuse himself, so he asked, "Who is my neighbour?"

Then Jesus told the story about the man who was robbed and beaten on the Jericho road, and how the priest and the Levite passed him by on the other side, and the Good Samaritan came along and helped him. "Which of these three, thinkest thou, proved neighbour unto him that fell among the robbers?" asked Jesus.

"He that showed mercy on him," replied the lawyer.

Jesus said, "Go and do thou likewise."

Hints to the Teacher. This story is told from the standpoint of the Samaritan in order to carry out the plan thus far followed of presenting the incidents as they would appear to the one who exemplifies the virtue we desire to teach.

Encourage the child to seek a kindly attitude toward all the people with whom he comes in contact.

A STORY FOR THE WORSHIP PERIOD

The Road of the Loving Heart[1]

He was a man of great heart, but weak body. With his wife as constant companion, he had travelled around the world seeking health; for he loved life. At last, in a far-off island in the Southern Pacific he found a climate where he was able, as he said, "to enjoy the ordinary existence of a human being." And here they decided to make their home.

Several miles from the harbour they had entered, they found a rising plateau some seven hundred feet above the sea level.

"This is the place!" said the man, his eyes shining. "We'll have the house tucked away beneath the mountain. Look at the sea! What exquisite views! And what glorious gardens can be carved out of this broken mountainside and sullen forest!"

So the land was bought—several hundred acres of forest-clad plateau, ravine, and mountain.

It took a long time to clear it. A rough shack was built in which they lived for months, while he threw himself with ardour into the work of clearing and opening up his acres to cultivation. Gangs of Samoans were busy the whole day long, and the rough, overgrown path from town flattened beneath the tread of naked feet.

He was not the first white man to come to the islands, for about four hundred lived in groups along their coasts. But he was different and the natives recognized it at once. Even before he spoke to them, the chiefs talked of him among themselves.

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[1] Adapted from a story by Mildred P. Forbes in *Good Citizenship Through Story-Telling.* Reprinted by permission of the Macmillan Company.

"This is no official in a hired house, here today and gone tomorrow," they said. "He buys the land. He stays with us."

So the chiefs gathered from far and near to give him welcome, and standing before them he made a speech, saying, "I have chosen the land to be my land, the people to be my people, as long as life shall last."

When the furniture came all the way from Scotland, the boxes were brought up on bullock-carts by scores of black boys in a most excited and noisy procession.

So friendly was this new white man with the natives that when his servants became intolerable because they were unhappy in this far-off land, and their discontented white faces disappeared one by one, honest brown ones took their places, and he found he had not servants but a family.

He was a true head of his family, for no matter how busy he might be he was always willing to listen to the troubles of his people. His fame spread over the islands, and he was consulted on every conceivable subject. "He knows what is good," they said. "He advises us well." War raged in the islands, and both government chiefs and rebels consulted him. He treated all alike, and with such courtesy that the natives in their love said one to another, "He is a brother to us. Let us make him our very own! Let us call him our 'Tusitala,' our teller of tales." And they conferred upon him the highest honour in their power.

One day, as Tusitala rode into the seaport town of Apia, a boy came running out to him with bad news. Their king and nine chiefs had been captured in the war and were held as prisoners on a ship in the harbour.

Tusitala, with ready sympathy, went to the ship and comforted the suffering prisoners.

It was not enough, however, for him to give sympathy only. Tusitala himself paid out money right and left to have the foul prison cleansed, to feed the starving prisoners, to bring them medical assistance. The native chiefs on the government's side looked on in wonder. "Behold, this is indeed a friend," they said.

He did not seem like an invalid, and persisted in his endeavour for the liberation of the prisoners until the officials were shamed and terrified into action.

On the day of their release, the old chiefs gathered together and discussed with glowing hearts how they might express their gratitude.

"How can we show our love for our brother, Tusitala?" they asked themselves.

"Give him what he has wanted so long," said one, "a road through the jungle."

"But we are old," said another, "and weak from our long stay in prison. We could never do such a mighty task as that." And then as the poor old heads bowed low in acknowledgment of the statement, new strength seemed to come to him who spoke and he continued, "But we can try, for many hard tasks are done by trying."

Slowly and painfully the ten old chiefs made their way to Tusitala's home. They found him in the midst of dictating a story, but he left his work and welcomed and entertained them with his usual hospitality. They made beautiful speeches of simple gratitude to their benefactor, touching on every kindness he had done for them.

"O Tusitala," they said, "when we were in prison and hungry you came and fed us. When we were naked and bruised with beating you bathed and clothed us. When all others were afraid to come near us you came and comforted, and never ceased in your endeavours to secure our liberty. To you we owe our freedom, and we

have come to prove our gratitude. Long have you desired a road connecting Vailima with the highway across the island. Now we will work and dig that road, and there shall be no question of wage between us, only loving-kindness."

Tusitala bowed his head, touched to the heart by their humble devotion. Then, looking at their poor, wasted bodies, he said very gently, "My brothers, I am indeed honoured by your love, but it is too great a task. The path is a good one, and I am content."

But they would not have their offer refused, and overruled his every objection.

At last he said, "Well, then, my brothers, if you make the road, I would like to name it 'The Road of the Grateful Hearts.'"

"No," they said again, "we have the name. It will be called 'The Road of the Loving Heart,' for there is no heart like yours, our Tusitala. See, this is what we shall put up on a painted board at the crossroads."

And there, on a paper, they had the name written, followed by an inscription, and signed with all their titles.

Leaving this message with their Tusitala, they immediately began work on the road.

It was not the forest of the temperate zone, with varied glades and open spaces, through which they cut, but the thick tangle of the tropics, dense and dark. And day by day, as the road grew gradually wider, the hot sun beat fiercely on their old, lame backs. Many a day their strength would have given out, but love kept them toiling on.

The weeks had stretched into months when they emerged from the forest, and they could see, each day, their road creep nearer and nearer the main highway.

At the last stroke, when the two roads met, one old

man fell in utter exhaustion and lay at the junction. The others gathered around him and tried to carry him away, but he struggled to his feet and there stood, swaying, supported by two others, themselves just ready to drop. "The sign," he gasped. "Put up the sign, for all must know why we have toiled."

And there at the crossroads they placed it, for all the world to see:

> Remembering the great love of His Highness, Tusitala, and his loving care when we were in prison and sore distressed, we have prepared him an enduring present—this road, which we have dug forever.

Below were the names of the chiefs who had dug it, and above was their name for the road:

THE ROAD OF THE LOVING HEART.

Soon after, this man with the loving heart passed away and the entire world mourned the loss of a great author, whose name—Robert Louis Stevenson—was lastingly inwrought into English literature. But the Samoans mourned him as a brother, and so long as the island in the Pacific exists, Tusitala will be gratefully remembered, not only because he was greatly gifted, but because his loving-kindness is immortal.

LESSON 18

THE LAW OF LOVE

II. OUR FAR-AWAY NEIGHBOURS

Aim. To make the child feel that the people of every nation are his neighbours and that he should be friendly toward them.

Scripture Material. Matthew 28:19, 20; Acts 16:6-10; 24:17; I Corinthians 16:1-4.

Memory Verse. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples if ye have love, one to another. John 13:35.

For the Child to Do. 1. Make "mite boxes" in which to save small coins for some specific missionary object. The teacher should present the cause so that the children will feel a real interest in it. The boxes should be taken home and kept for use until the closing of the school.

2. If it is possible to get in touch with a child in some foreign country who is studying English, establish a correspondence.

3. Make small flags of various nations out of pieces of coloured paper. Glue the flags to small sticks. Illustrations of these flags can be found in unabridged dictionaries.

4. If the children are to make the chart which is to be used in Lesson 19 and Lesson 26, the work should be done today by a few of the more careful pupils. Several may work at once if the words are printed on separate pieces of paper and pinned to the chart afterwards.

THE STORY FROM THE BIBLE

Do you think it helps people to tell them good

news? I can think of cases in which I think it would help.

You know, the disciples of Jesus always spoke of the stories about Him as "good news." In fact, that is what the word "gospel" means.

Paul was one of the men who wanted to help people by telling them the good news about Jesus. Paul had a great love for his far-away neighbours, Jews or Greeks or Romans or whoever they were, and he knew that all alike could learn to love Jesus if someone would tell them about Him.

At one time he and a companion named Silas were travelling in that part of the world which in our geographies is called Asia Minor. They had preached in many cities and started churches so that the people who had learned about Jesus could meet together for worship. They did not know just where to go next; they started in one or two directions and something would interfere. At last they came to a town near the sea, and here Paul found a physician named Luke who lived across the sea in a part of Greece called Macedonia. He had a long talk with Doctor Luke and liked him very much.

That night Paul had a dream and in his dream he saw a man from Macedonia. It may have been Luke himself that Paul saw in his dream. The man from Macedonia was calling him, saying, "Come over to Macedonia and help us!" This was just what Paul wanted—a chance to help. They at once found a ship and went over, Luke with them, to work in Macedonia.

After several years of preaching and teaching, when Paul had told a great many people about Jesus and had started churches in almost every part of the world that was then known, he decided on another plan that he thought would help people. There had been a famine,

and the Christians in Jerusalem were very poor. Sometimes they did not have enough to eat. Paul thought how good it would be for the people in his new churches to send them some money. It would help to make a good neighbourly feeling besides providing for those who were in need.

Paul wrote to his churches. He sent word by his helpers, and he told the people himself wherever he went. The members of Paul's churches were not rich as a rule, but when everyone gave, even a little, it made a great deal all together. Paul told them to plan their giving and put by something every Sunday so that when they were ready to send it, there would be a good generous gift. Then Paul and some of his helpers took it to Jerusalem.

We are not told how the Jerusalem church received the gift from Paul's churches. It must have helped, but it could not save the church because the Christian people there had more and more trouble and at last their city fell into the hands of enemies and we hear no more about a Christian church at Jerusalem. But Paul's churches lived and grew. Today you and I know about Jesus because Paul, and others who caught his vision of service, loved their neighbours far away and told them good news.

Hints to the Teacher. A review of the preceding lesson will recall the following points: (1) Jesus taught that we should love our neighbours. (2) Our neighbour is anyone whom we can help. (3) The Good Samaritan was helping a "foreigner." Tell the children that neighbours can be very far away as well as very near. The story for today brings out two ways of helping our far-away neighbours. Tell the children they can do the same as Paul did: (1) Plan when they get older to go and tell people the good news about Jesus; (2) Send money to support mission-

aries now in the field and to bring food and clothing to the needy, as for instance, in the Near East.

But this is even more than a missionary lesson. It is a lesson on national neighbourliness, a lesson on world peace and brotherhood. We should love not only the people in the countries to whom we are sending missionaries. We should love the people of nations which in times past we have distrusted, nations with which we have been at war. Attitudes gained in childhood have a powerful effect on later life. It is therefore of tremendous importance that these larger aspects of national neighbourliness be taught in the Church school.

A STORY FOR THE WORSHIP PERIOD

Neighbours Far and Near

Madeline was in the fifth grade in school, and as she stood at the head of her class, you could safely say that she knew practically all that was taught in the fifth grade. Still, there were many things that Madeline wondered about. Sometimes she would ask her father. Her father was a minister and knew everything—at least Madeline believed that he knew everything that was worth learning, though sometimes I am sure there were questions that he himself wondered about too.

One day Madeline came to her father with a question like this: "Daddy, the people who live in the country find it easier to love their neighbours than we do in the city, don't they?"

"I doubt if they do," said the Reverend Mr. Daddy. "Why should you think so, daughter?"

"Well," said Madeline, "when we visited Aunt Alice in the country, last summer, don't you remember what nice neighbours they had? The Browns on one side, and the Andersons across the street? Aunt Alice said

she loved them very much. But some of our neighbours here, you know, daddy, are very hard to love."

"The only difference between country neighbours and city neighbours is that in the country there are not so many of them," said Madeline's father. "But, you know, daughter, sometimes it is the ones who are hardest to love that are most in need of being loved."

"I suppose so," sighed Madeline.

"Do you remember what Jesus said about neighbours?" asked her father. "Was it the attractive people that lived next door to the Good Samaritan with whom he was neighbourly?"

"Oh, no, daddy, it was a poor wounded Jew," said Madeline.

"I sometimes think that neighbours can be very far away as well as very near," he continued. "I think Jesus wants us to be neighbourly with everybody."

"How could we be neighbourly with people very far away?" asked Madeline.

"We could help to tell them about Jesus," said her father.

Soon after that Madeline noticed that her father and mother acted as if they had a happy secret. Their eyes shone softly, and their thoughts seemed often far away.

"Daughter," said Madeline's father one day, "did you say you thought you would like to live in the country?"

"I think it would be nice if we weren't too far from the city," Madeline replied.

"We are going to live in the country."

"Goody," said Madeline. "And will there be nice neighbours?"

"I think we shall love our neighbours very much," he said. "Listen, dear, we are not going to any country that you have ever seen. We are going to another coun-

try far across the sea—to Africa. There we shall have God's dear black people for our neighbours, many of whom have never heard about Him or about Jesus at all. Your mother and I are going to tell them."

Busy days followed. First came the packing, which was hard work but rather fun, then the leave-taking, which was no fun at all, then the long journey on the ship, which was great fun except when you got seasick. At last they arrived in Africa and as soon as they had learned enough of the language to make themselves understood, Madeline's father and mother began their work in the mission. At first Madeline thought the people very strange and was homesick for her school and her playmates, but after a time she, too, began to feel at home in Africa.

One of the black men who helped her father lived near them. He had five darling little black children who possessed the brightest eyes and the whitest teeth you ever saw. The man could speak English fairly well, and knew a great deal about the Bible. Many of the people did not know any English nor anything about the Bible. They could not even read and write their own language.

They were very eager to learn, though. A number of them lived in the mission school, and sometimes after dark Madeline would go with her father to look in as they were studying. There they lay, stretched out upon the floor, each one with a tiny home-made oil lamp, by the dim light of which they were studying their Bibles. "I wish we could afford a better building and good bright lights for them!" Madeline's father would say sadly.

One day Madeline decided to go to the home of the black man who helped her father and play with the children. On reaching their cabin she found everything

very still. "They are either away or asleep," thought Madeline. "The door is open; I will look in and see."

Madeline stepped in and saw a sight that made her tremble and turn pale with terror. In the middle of the room was a hideous green snake! All five children were sound asleep with no knowledge of the danger. Madeline had been told that this kind of snake was known as the green mamba and that its bite was deadly. She wanted to scream and waken the children, but she feared that they would be startled and run right in the way of the snake. Never had those little black children seemed so dear as now when death was threatening them.

Madeline was almost too frightened to move, but she breathed a little prayer to the Heavenly Father; then, feeling more confident, stole softly out of the house. Her father had gone to a village a half a mile away, and thither went Madeline, running now, faster, faster, faster! The day was hot and she soon began to pant for breath, but on and on she went till at last she found her father and the men. They came at once and killed the snake, and not one of the children was bitten.

That night Madeline's father took her on his knee. "We are very proud of our little daughter," he said. "She has been a brave girl. I think there is no doubt now that she loves her far-away neighbours."

"Oh, yes, I do love them very much," said Madeline. "But, daddy, these people are my near-by neighbours now. The children in America are my far-away neighbours."

"Sure enough," said her father.

"Daddy," Madeline whispered, "I've been having an idea."

"That's a good thing to have," said he. "What is it?"

"Well, daddy, you know, I think the children in America would love their far-away neighbours better if they knew more about them."

"Very likely they would," her father agreed.

"I would like to write to the children in America," continued Madeline, "and tell them about these dear black people who want so much to know about Jesus. You know, daddy, the children in America spend an awful lot of money on candy and chewing-gum; but if they got interested in being neighbourly to people far away, they might be willing to go without it part of the time. And if they sent the money to you, it would help build the new school, wouldn't it?"

"You are quite right, little girl," said the father.

"Then may I write the letter, daddy?" Madeline was all eagerness.

"Indeed you may. You may write it tomorrow if you wish," said her father.

So Madeline took her writing-pad and pencil and wrote and thought and scratched out and thought again and rewrote until she had produced a letter that suited her, to the children in America. She copied it neatly with pen and ink, then her father mailed it to their church headquarters in New York, where it was printed and sent to all the church schools.

And it turned out just as Madeline hoped. Many boys and girls in America saved their pennies and nickels and dimes and learned to love their far-away neighbours by doing something for them.

LESSON 19

THE GOLDEN RULE

Aim. To sum up all the commandments and teachings that have to do with the child's relationships to his fellow-man by means of the Golden Rule and the Law of Love.

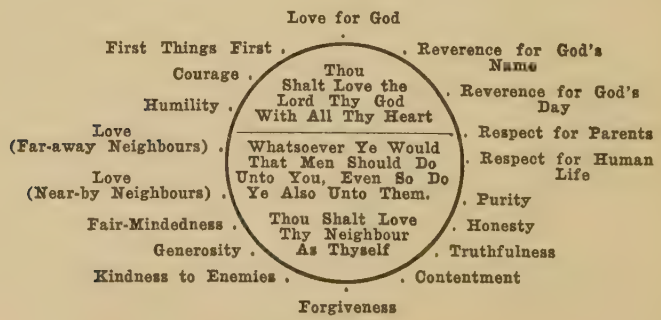
Scripture Material. Matthew 7:12, 16-23. Review other passages studied from the Sermon on the Mount.

Memory Work. Review all the memory verses from the New Testament. Learn the Golden Rule (see chart).

For the Child to Do. 1. Memorize the hymn, "Saviour, teach me day by day."

2. The children should practice putting themselves in other people's places. They should try to think how they would like to be treated and treat others in the same way.

3. As different situations come up, write out five (or more) ways in which the Golden Rule could be applied to everyday life.

4. Continue the work on the flags of other nations. Should the United States treat other nations as she would like to be treated?

Hints to the Teacher. Prepare, or have the class prepare at some previous session, a large chart like the illustration given above. This shows eighteen virtues taught in the Ten Commandments and the teachings of Jesus. Fold down the top section which deals with individual attitudes and relationships to God (some of them not yet studied), and review this time the laws which deal with one's relationships to one's fellow-man.

Review the memory verses, and apply the Golden Rule to each one, as for instance:

Number V. If you were parents, you would like to have your children honour you; therefore, whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, even so do ye also unto them.

Number VI. You would not want anyone to kill you, therefore, etc.

Number VII. You would not want anyone to make it impossible for you to be pure, therefore, etc.

Number VIII. You would not want anyone to steal your things, therefore, etc.

Continue thus until you come to the teaching about Love of Far-away Neighbours. Then go through the list again, showing how love for our neighbour prevents us from harming him and makes us seek his welfare rather than our own. This review may be conducted by means of questions and answers, or by having the children take turns going some stated distance around the dial, applying the Golden Rule and the law of love to the commandments.

Let the children discuss the number of ways in which the girl in the story for the worship period kept the Golden Rule:

(1) She forgave the one who had wronged her. (2) She returned good for evil. (3) She did more than was required. (4) She was fair-minded to a wrongdoer. (5) She showed a real neighbourliness.

Close the period with the parable of the different kinds of trees (Matthew 7: 16-23), and have each child ask himself what kind of fruit he is bearing for the Master.

A STORY FOR THE WORSHIP PERIOD

A Sister to Every Other

There was great excitement at Public School Number 16. Annie had confessed to having stolen Isabel's five-dollar bill. The teacher had urged her to tell her privately why she had done it and how she had used the money, but this she stubbornly refused to do. Annie was very white but she did not cry, and no one could quite tell whether she was sorry or not. "Thief, thief," taunted the children, and on the playground there were dark looks cast in her direction and much whispering in corners.

That the five-dollar bill belonged to Isabel Maynard made the children notice it more. Isabel was the prettiest, and in many ways the most popular girl in the class, and to show their loyalty to her the girls were showering as much hatred and scorn as possible upon the one who had wronged her.

Isabel herself was quite indignant. "I don't see why I should have to associate with such people," she said.

As a matter of fact, Annie had never been thought of as "such people" before. She was a member of the Girl Scout troop at the church—the same troop to which Isabel belonged. The two girls were not close friends, but neither had shown any dislike for the other. Isabel wondered if Miss Blake, the Scout Captain, would not have Annie put out of the troop. "We can't have a thief, you know," she said.

At the Girl Scout meeting that afternoon, Annie was not present. "At least she has sense enough to stay away from a place where she isn't wanted," thought Isabel, though some of the girls remarked that her absence showed she was cowardly as well as dishonest.

After the Scout meeting, just as Isabel was ready to take the car for home, she remembered her umbrella which she had left at the church. "Oh, dear, I wish it would rain when I take an umbrella," she thought. "Then I wouldn't be always forgetting it. I must hurry or Miss Blake will be gone and I can't get into the church."

The nearest way to the church was by means of a short cut through a side street. This street was not well lighted, but the hour was not very late, and Isabel decided that to save time she must go that way. She hurried along, now running, now walking. Above the top of an apartment house she could see the church steeple outlined clearly against the sky. A minute more and she would be there, she thought.

Suddenly Isabel stopped. What was that brown, huddled object near the sidewalk? Could it be a person? A little girl, she decided, half lying, half crouching on the edge of the curb. Isabel wondered why anyone should be sitting there at that time of the evening, chilly autumn evening that it was, and feeling that something was wrong she paused beside the girl. A Girl Scout, you know, has a sort of sixth sense that tells her when there is going to be a chance to do a "good turn." "Is anything the matter?" asked Isabel kindly.

"I hurt my ankle," said the girl, "and my back, and most all of me, I guess." At the sound of the voice, the look of kindly sympathy on Isabel's pretty face froze suddenly into something very cold and hard. The pale face that had been lifted for a moment from the folds of the brown coat disappeared again, and the little figure crouched lower than ever. It was Annie!

"It serves her just right!" was Isabel's first thought as she recognized the girl. But Isabel was naturally

kind-hearted; and Isabel was also a Girl Scout. Annie was a Girl Scout, too. What was that Scout law? It was very troublesome just now, but it would keep coming to her mind. "A Girl Scout is a friend to everyone, and a sister to every other Girl Scout." Just how much kindness would it take to be a sister to a Girl Scout who had stolen a five-dollar bill from you? Isabel did not quite know.

"How did you hurt your ankle, Annie?" said Isabel.

"Never mind," said Annie. "You mustn't do me a good turn; I did you such an awful mean one!"

The hard look was gone now from Isabel's face. She sat down on the curb and put her arm around the brown coat. "Forget about the five dollars, Annie," she said, "and tell me how you got hurt."

"Well," said Annie, beginning to respond to Isabel's friendly touch, "I was coming to the store. I wore my roller skates to save time, 'cause mother was sick; and a truck was going along and I thought I'd get there quicker if I caught on. But we went over a hole in the pavement that I didn't see and my skate caught and I lost hold and fell. It was getting dark and nobody saw me. I pulled myself along into this side street and here I am."

As Annie told of her mishap, Isabel was trying to think what to do. She could tell the policeman on the next corner, but she was afraid he might scold Annie for catching hold of the truck. Isabel decided she would hail a taxi and take the girl home.

Isabel's umbrella was again completely forgotten as she sped out to the main thoroughfare and looked up and down the street for a taxi. At last she was able to get one. The driver lifted Annie into the car; Isabel stepped in. "Where do you want to go?" asked the driver.

"Annie, where do you—?" but Isabel stopped in dismay. Annie had fainted from the pain of being moved and lay helpless on the seat.

"I'm sure I don't know where she lives," wailed Isabel.

"Take her to some hospital?" suggested the driver.

"No, take her to my house. My father is a doctor." Isabel gave the address and away they flew.

Dr. Maynard's examination of the injured girl showed that the back was bruised, though not badly hurt, but the ankle was broken. "She must be kept very quiet," he said.

"O Daddy, can't she stay here in my bed?" pleaded Isabel. "She is a member of my Scout troop, you know."

"Why, yes, daughter," said the doctor. "Surely she may stay if you wish."

So Annie was given every attention and fixed comfortably in Isabel's soft white bed. She was fully conscious now, but had spoken very little. As Isabel and her mother were about to leave her, Mrs. Maynard thought of something she wanted to ask her daughter. "O Isabel," she said, "did they find who stole your money?"

"Oh, er—, yes, Mother," said Isabel, with a frightened look. "But let's not talk about it."

"Yes, let's talk about it!" Annie was speaking. "O Mrs. Maynard, *I* stole that money." For the first time, Annie began to cry. "I stole it, but I'm going to pay it back just as soon as I can earn it. My mother was sick," she sobbed, "and she kept wanting things and I didn't have any way to get them. But I'm not going to steal any more. It's awful—to be a thief! And you're so good!"

But Mrs. Maynard was bending tenderly over the poor

little penitent, wiping her tears and comforting her as only a mother knows how to do. And Isabel told her again and again that she had forgiven her. At last she stopped crying and went to sleep.

The next day Dr. Maynard went to Annie's home and found that her mother was indeed very sick, but he had cured such cases before and felt sure he could help her to get well in a short time. Annie was not taken home but stayed with Isabel, where she received the best of care for many days until she was well and strong again. The two girls became good friends and had happy times together after Annie began to feel like herself.

"I don't see how you could have been so good to me," said Annie, as she was getting ready to go home.

"Oh," said Isabel lightly, "I guess it was just the Scout law."

"But you were better than the Scout law," Annie objected. "I know, I think it must have been the Golden Rule."

LESSON 20

JESUS AND A CHILD

Aim. To safeguard the child from an exalted sense of his own importance by showing him the meaning of Christian humility.

Scripture Material. Matthew 6: 1-4; 18: 1-5; Mark 9: 33-37.

Memory Verse. Whosoever shall exalt himself shall be humbled; and whosoever shall humble himself shall be exalted. Matthew 23: 12.

For the Child to Do. 1. Write a little story about a person who was proud and snobbish, another who had too little self-respect, and a third who placed the right value upon himself with the spirit of Christian humility. Imagine what the three would do and say to each other.

2. Members of the class should ask themselves the following questions: (1) What is the reason given for being humble in the hymn, "I would be true"? (2) What is "my weakness"? (3) Can I overcome it? (4) If I should overcome it, would I still need to be humble?

3. Model a relief map of the Sea of Galilee and the surrounding region. If the flour-and-salt mixture described in Lesson 2 is the material used, set the map away to dry. Colour next week.

THE STORY FROM THE BIBLE

There was once a little boy who lived in a town called Capernaum by the Sea of Galilee. The Sea of Galilee had great charm for the little boy because it was always different. Sometimes it would be very still and blue like a piece of sky upside down, and sometimes it would be

covered with great tossing waves with white foam on their crests.

This little boy's father had plenty of money, but the little boy never said anything about that to his playmates. This little boy also was bright in school and knew a great many stories from the Old Testament and a great many of the Old Testament laws, but he never tried to show his playmates how much he knew, or acted in any way as if he thought himself better than they.

Sometimes he would see the Pharisees going down the street all puffed up with pride over how good they were. If they gave money to the poor, they told about it with a loud voice. They liked to pray where people would see them. The little boy did not think he liked the Pharisees very well.

There was Somebody whom the little boy did like very, very much, and that person's name was Jesus. Jesus had the kindest, pleasantest face; and there was no one anywhere, far or near, who could tell such wonderful stories. The little boy thought that if he could sit on Jesus' knee and hear Him tell stories from morning till night, he would be perfectly happy. But there were ever and ever so many people always crowding around Jesus, asking Him to heal them if they were sick, or asking Him to tell them this or that that they wanted to know. People whispered that He was going to be made king some day, and the country would be free and prosperous again as it used to be, but the little boy did not understand anything about that.

One day the little boy saw Jesus coming with His disciples into the house, and he grew very much excited. He wanted to run up and give Jesus a big hug, but Jesus was talking earnestly with the disciples, and the little boy knew he must not interrupt. The disciples looked a bit

shame-faced as if they had been doing something that Jesus did not like. "What were you arguing about?" He was asking, and someone said they wanted to know who was to be greatest in His kingdom.

Jesus sat down, and the little boy drew closer, hoping that He was going to tell a story. But no; He turned His head and looked right at the little boy. Then the little boy realized that He was calling him. Oh, how pleased he was! He ran to Jesus, who took him in His arms and then stood him down in front of all the disciples. "You would know who is greatest in the Kingdom of Heaven?" said Jesus. "Verily I say unto you, except ye turn and become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the Kingdom of Heaven, and whosoever shall receive one such little child in my name, receiveth me."

Hints to the Teacher. The legalistic religion of the Jews led to excesses in pride and self-satisfaction. Christianity, if lived in accordance with the Master's example and teaching, can never do so. Remind the children of the humble acts of service that Jesus performed for His disciples. The words "humility" and "humble" may not carry much meaning to the class, but you can explain them and make their content rich. Do not let the idea of "inferiority" come in. "Inferiority complexes" are not Christian! One should keep a proper self-respect but "not think of himself more highly than he ought to think" (Romans 12:3).

Contrast the pride of the Pharisees with the sweet simplicity of the little child. Children have great disdain for the person who is "stuck up." Although all children do not possess naturally this virtue of Christian humility, it is one which they should appreciate and strive to attain.

A STORY FOR THE WORSHIP PERIOD

A Great Man in the Kingdom of Heaven

You and I in America do not know how it feels to be a count or a countess, a prince or a princess, or to have any of those titles of rank that they have in Europe. If you had asked little Nicholas Louis how it felt to be Count of Zinzendorf and Pottendorf, and Lord of Freydeck, Schoeneck, and Thurnstein, he would probably have told you that it did not feel different from being just any little boy in the city of Dresden in Saxony. Yet he liked to think of his father's people who had come from a noble Austrian family, many of whom had fought and suffered for their religious faith. Nicholas Louis felt it meant a lot to belong to such a family of heroes, and that he must live nobly himself in order to be worthy of them.

But if the little count thought a good deal of his ancestors, he thought a great deal more of his "Elder Brother." This was his name for Jesus. He early came to know what a good friend Jesus can be to boys and girls who really love Him. Nicholas Louis did love Jesus very much indeed. He would talk to Him just as to any friend who was present in the room, or sometimes he would write notes to Him and throw them out the window. He tried, too, to do the things that Jesus taught. He dearly loved to help people, and he was so happy and cheery whenever he found a chance to do something for someone that he must have been a real sunbeam. There were many servants in his grandmother's home where he lived,—servants who would willingly have waited on him hand and foot, but he preferred to do things for himself and for other people.

When he was ten years old he went to his grandmother with a beautiful plan he had made for his life. He had

decided that he wanted to be a preacher and spend his whole time telling people about Jesus. But his grandmother, although she was a good woman and meant to do right, could not see things the way he did. "Oh, no!" she cried. "Remember, you are Count of Zinzendorf and Pottendorf, and Lord of Freydeck, Schoeneck, and Thurnstein. You must be a great nobleman and have a position with the government and do glorious deeds."

Ten-year-old Nicholas Louis, Count of Zinzendorf and Pottendorf, and Lord of Freydeck, Schoeneck, and Thurnstein, felt very sad. What was the advantage of his having so many titles if he could not do what he wanted to do for Jesus! He began to wonder if he would not have been better off not to have had so many titles and names. But he did not say anything. He could not displease his grandmother, though he did wish she could see the difference between the greatness of earthly nobles and the true greatness of the Kingdom of Heaven which Jesus taught about.

When he was away at school, he and some of the other boys thought they would like to become knights in the service of Jesus. They called their order, "The Order of the Grain of Mustard Seed." This would seem a queer name if we did not know the verse in the Bible which says,

> "The Kingdom of Heaven is like unto a grain of mustard seed, which a man took, and sowed in his field: which indeed is less than all seeds; but when it is grown, it is greater than the herbs, and becometh a tree, so that the birds of the heaven come and lodge in the branches thereof" (Matt. 13:31, 32).

These young knights pledged themselves to keep the teachings of Jesus, and especially to labour to spread

the news of Him among people of many races and many lands.

Obedient to the wishes of his mother and grandmother, Nicholas Louis studied the things that would fit him for his position as a nobleman. He determined that even though he could not yet become a clergyman, he would work for Jesus just the same. One way to work for Jesus that the good count found was to buy a large piece of land and make of it a home for people who had been persecuted for their religious faith. Some Moravian brothers first came and settled there, and before many years a large community had grown up. They called it "Herrnhut," which means, "watched of the Lord."

The count took a position with the government, but he did not ask to be advanced. The place did not appeal to him. Life at the royal court seemed to him very vain and full of wickedness. After a few years he gave it up and went home to Herrnhut, where he helped the people straighten out some misunderstandings they had been having.

All this time he wanted to be a preacher. At last his relatives ceased to object and he found a way to get his certificate. A man in another city wrote to him, asking him to recommend a tutor for his two sons. The count wrote him that he might expect a tutor in a few days, and forthwith set out to the place himself. He gave one of his names that was not so well known as Zinzendorf was, and no one recognized him. He taught the boys for five weeks, and while there called on two prominent theologians who could help him get the certificate, and thus take the first step toward becoming a preacher. They asked him questions for three whole days and he had to preach five sermons before them. He preached so earnestly that he drew tears to the eyes of one of the

theologians, and they willingly gave him the certificate. He went to be the assistant pastor at Herrnhut. At this time he gave away his sword, never to wear it again.

Now that he was a preacher, his dream at last come true, you might have supposed that he could settle down happily with the work he loved; but there were many people who could not understand him, and time and again made trouble for him. Two or three times they banished him from his home land. On one of those times he came to America and preached to the people in Pennsylvania and to the Indians.

It was while he was in America that he formally gave up his title as a count. He did not wish to be called count any more, simply "Brother Louis." He had given up everything that makes for earthly greatness,—his position at court, his fortune, his titles; but his name became great in the Kingdom of Heaven. He was honoured and loved by kings and princes and by the poorest of working folk. Even his enemies learned that he had done no wrong. Around the world went his teachings, carried on the lips of brave Moravian missionaries from his own community of Herrnhut. Even today, after three hundred years, the thought of him helps many people to be braver, truer Christians. Surely "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

LESSON 21

BEING COURAGEOUS

Aim. To show that courage is a Christian virtue.
Scripture Material. Mark 6:45-51.
Memory Verse. Be of good cheer. . . . Be not afraid.
For the Child to Do. 1. The members of the class may discuss with the teacher some things they are afraid to do. The teacher should help them to decide if the things mentioned are things they ought to be able to do without fear. If so, urge them to pray for courage and then attempt the thing confidently. Do not let them mistake foolhardiness for courage.
2. The children should look for heroic qualities in people they know and compare them with heroes they read about.
3. Colour the relief map of the Sea of Galilee. Locate Capernaum and the probable spot where the feeding of the five thousand took place.

THE STORY FROM THE BIBLE

It does not take much courage to start out in a boat on the Sea of Galilee when it is calm and still, but when the storm winds are tossing it into huge waves it is very fearful. Often the storms come up suddenly and small boats are sometimes lost.

One evening after Jesus had preached to a great crowd of people on the shore of the Sea of Galilee, He sent the disciples across the sea in a boat while He dismissed the people. Then He went up into a mountain to pray.

The day had been a busy one and Jesus was tired. He had expected to rest a while with the disciples and talk

quietly with them, but the people had come, and of course He could not send them away without speaking to them when they were so anxious to hear Him. Then as it grew late and the people became hungry, He had fed them, too, using a little food that a boy had given Him and making it into a great deal. The people wanted to make him king, but He did not want to be the kind of king they had in mind, so He slipped away from them and went up into the mountain to talk it all over with the Heavenly Father.

When the disciples had gone about half way across the sea, Jesus looked over at them from where He was and saw that they were having a hard time. A strong wind had come up and was blowing right against them. Great waves were rolling up which made rowing hard and dangerous. Jesus was not afraid of the big waves. He stepped out on the water as if it had been ice, and came to His disciples. When the disciples spied him, they thought they saw a ghost and were more frightened than ever, but Jesus spoke to them. "Be of good cheer: it is I; be not afraid," He said. They were glad then, and took Jesus into the boat with them. The wind died down and soon they reached the other shore.

This was not the only time that Jesus told His disciples not to be afraid. At the Last Supper, when He washed the disciples' feet, He told them He was soon to be betrayed and put to death. "Let not your heart be troubled," He told them, "neither let it be afraid." Late that night when the soldiers came to take Him, He did not try to run or hide. He stepped out bravely and asked them whom they wanted. When they said they wanted Jesus of Nazareth, He said, "I am he." At the trial, He was the only one who was calm. Jesus was not afraid of what men could do to Him; He was not afraid to suffer

and even to die. And when He had risen again from the dead, almost the first thing He said to His disciples was, "Fear not!"

The disciples, up until that time, had been very much afraid. They were all cowardly at the time of the trial. But after Jesus rose from the dead and told them not to fear, they, too, became full of courage. They went to work bravely and with great joy because, like Him, they were not afraid of what men could do to them.

Hints to the Teacher. Here is our opportunity to present the great, unafraid Christ to these eager, hero-loving boys and girls. These studies in His teachings are not in any sense exhaustive; but this great truth, often underemphasized, has been included in order to complete the picture of our Lord. His meekness and gentleness have been emphasized sometimes to the point of making Him seem effeminate. Correct this misrepresentation. Show that Jesus Christ was a hero, and that He expects heroism from His followers. Give all the lustre you can to the little everyday heroisms that are within the reach of Christian boys and girls any time. Show that little crises, bravely met, prepare us for the great deeds of heroism that may be ours in the future.

A STORY FOR THE WORSHIP PERIOD

The Boy Who Conquered Himself[1]

Many years ago, in the Minnesota woods, there lived a tribe of Indians. There were big braves, squaws, and many little children. The children did not go to school as our boys and girls do today. They learned their lessons from the woods and flowers and sky.

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[1] Adapted from a story by Mildred P. Forbes in *Good Citizenship Through Story-Telling*. Used by permission, Macmillan Company.

They were very happy in learning their lessons, and proud of their big chief, Black Hawk. Black Hawk himself, however, was proudest of his little son who was his only child. How he loved the baby boy!

The chief taught him one new lesson every day, and the baby grew and grew. As he grew bigger, Black Hawk taught him how to fish. He taught him how to paddle his big canoe and how to shoot with his own great bear arrow.

One day Black Hawk took him to the water's edge and said, "Tell me what you see." "Oh, Father," said the boy, "I see myself." "Good," said Black Hawk, "but what of yourself do you see?" "I see my eyes," said the boy, "I see my ears; I see my mouth." "Yes," said his father, "and remember that an Indian boy always sees with his eyes and hears with his ears before he ever speaks with his mouth."

And so each day the father taught his son till he grew to be ten years old.

Then Black Hawk knew the time had come when the boy must learn the lesson of bravery. One day the boy saw great logs of wood gathered and piled in the centre of the clearing. As the day wore on he saw big chiefs from other tribes arrive and greet his father. What could it mean? Was his father going to war with these other big chiefs? He asked no question, for he remembered that his father had taught him to see with his eyes and hear with his ears before he spoke with his mouth.

As the sun sank in a cloud of glory behind the trees of the forest, and the twinkling stars appeared above, Black Hawk set the pile of wood on fire and all the big chiefs squatted in a wide circle around the blazing logs. The boy, too, drew near to watch and listen, but his mother called to him from the tepee, saying, "It is your time to

go to sleep, my son." Because he was an Indian boy he knew he must obey, so off to the wigwam he went. "Perhaps," he thought, as he lifted the flap of the wigwam, "perhaps if I draw my buffalo robe close to the flap and leave it open I can hear what they say." He tried it and found that he could hear every word, for the night was still.

The Indians around the fire were telling stories. The first one told of a boy just ten years old who showed great bravery when he was in a cave, alone, with a big black bear. The next warrior told of a boy just ten years old who was so brave that he fought to save a little one. Another story was of a ten-year-old boy who carried a message in the dead of night from one Indian chief, through the enemy's lines, to another Indian chief. Around the circle went the stories, each more exciting than that which had preceded, till the listening boy forgot he had been sent to bed—forgot that he was an Indian boy. Out of the wigwam, on his hands and knees he crept, nearer and nearer to those fascinating stories.

He had no sooner reached the circle than the biggest of the big chiefs turned and saw him. Picking up a pail from the grass, the chief passed it to the boy, saying, "Go to the spring and bring a pailful of water."

Go to the spring! thought the boy. Why! The spring was half a mile away through the densest of the forest. He had never been in the forest alone after dark. Surely his father would not let him go alone! He looked around the circle at his father, but his father's feet were crossed, his father's head bent forward, and his father's eyes were on the ground. His father must mean for him to go! Taking the pail, he started off, but his feet lagged, and at almost every step he turned to look at the blazing fire.

If he could only take some of it with him to light his way and frighten the wild animals!

When he reached the edge of the forest he heard a wolf howl in the distance. He started to run, but fell over a stump. Picking himself up, he ran bump into a tree. How it hurt! A great lump came out on his forehead, but it was not half so big as the lump in his throat. He seemed to be choking. At last he reached the spring and filled the pail. He must go slower now so as not to spill the water. There were queer sounds all around him. Something hit him in the face and he spilled almost all the water! It had been only a bat, but when he reached the circle of waiting Indians, the boy was out of breath and trembling so that he could hardly stand.

Passing the pail to the big chief who had given it to him, the boy waited, but all that the big chief did was to look at the water, grunt, "Ugh," and pass it to the next. That chief, too, looked at the water, grunted, "Ugh," and passed it on. When the pail had completed the circle and returned to the big Indian who had given it to the boy, he turned it upside down, spilling all the water out upon the grass, and said, "Try again, and do not hurry."

Again? How could he! He could never be brave like those other ten-year-old boys! But he knew he must, so taking the pail, he stumbled away. Now the wind was rising and everything seemed alive. When he was passing through the darkest place in the forest a terrifying cry sounded close behind him—"Hoo-oo-oo!" It was only an owl, but as he started to run a grape-vine cut his face, making him think something was after him. He ran till, weak and faint, he reached the spring. Filling the pail, he went stumbling back, but it was easier than the first time and the pail was two-thirds full. Again the pail was passed around the circle and again each chief, when

he saw the quantity of water, grunted, "Ugh." The second time the biggest chief turned the pail upside down and spilled all the water out upon the ground. Passing it back to the boy he said, "Go to the spring and bring a pail *full* of water."

This time the boy did not hesitate. He grasped the pail quickly and, turning toward the forest, walked straight on with not one look at the light of the fire. This time he did not mind the creaking of the trees, for he knew it was only the wind. Now he did not mind the bats flying near his face; and when he reached the darkest place and heard again that call behind him, "Hoo-oo-oo," he cried aloud, "Who's afraid? I'm not." When he reached the spring the third time, he filled his pail very carefully to the brim, and said to himself, "I'll walk every step of the way and spill not a drop."

When the biggest chief took the pail the boy passed to him for the third time and saw that it was full, he said, "Ah-haa!" Each chief around the circle likewise took the pail, looked at the water, and said, "Ah-haa!" This time the big chief placed the pail very carefully upon the ground, and, rising, put his hand upon the boy's shoulder as he said, "Brave boy, for you have conquered night!" Then the next chief arose, came, and placed his hand upon the boy's shoulder as he said, "Brave boy, for you have conquered fear!" All around the circle, each chief in turn arose and came and put his hand upon the boy's shoulder and called him brave.

Last of all came Black Hawk, the boy's own father. He, too, put his hand upon his shoulder, and he said, "Brave boy! Worthy to be the son of Black Hawk! Worthy to grow up and some day be a great Indian chief, for you have conquered what is hardest in all the world to conquer. You have conquered yourself!" And

taking the red feather of courage from his own headdress, he put it in the headdress of his boy.

Together they walked to the wigwam, and that night the boy slept as only a boy can sleep who has conquered not only night and fear and all things—but even himself.

LESSON 22

PUTTING FIRST THINGS FIRST

Aim. To make clear to the child that the life is more than the meat and the body than the raiment.

Scripture Material. Matthew 6: 19-34; Luke 10: 38-42.

Memory Verse. Seek ye first his kingdom and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you. Matthew 6: 33.

For the Child to Do. 1. If there are reference books available, find out something about foods and clothing in the time of Jesus.

2. Take a bowl of Chinese lilies to some one who is ill or shut in. Pretend that it is "The White Flower of Happiness."

3. A class of older girls should begin to prepare the playlet, "We love our School." The yell should be selected, the songs practiced, and the girls made familiar with the idea in the playlet.

4. Begin work on the pageant, "The Children and the Book," for the closing exercises. Committees should be appointed and begin planning. The different sections of the pageant may be divided among the different classes, so that the rehearsals are very simple and may be carried on during a part of the class period.

THE STORY FROM THE BIBLE

In the town of Bethany, not very far from Jerusalem, there lived a young woman named Mary. There are several Marys mentioned in the Bible. Jesus' mother was named Mary, you know, and there are two or three others.

This Mary, of whom I am going to tell you today, lived with her sister Martha and her brother Lazarus in the pleasant little town of Bethany. Jesus used to come often to this home, for He counted these people among His best friends.

Here Jesus came one day as He was going on a journey through that part of the country. They were delighted to see Him. They always felt very much honoured when the great Teacher came to visit them. They knew He had power to do wonderful things that no one else could do, and that He could speak as never man had spoken; but they also knew that He was their good friend, and they were happy to have Him with them.

Martha began to get dinner. She worried first thinking that what she had in the house was not good enough to give to Jesus. If only she had known He was coming, she thought, she could have gone to the market-place and bought the very best they had for sale. But Jesus was here, and there was no time to go to the market-place. Martha began to hurry about, trying to make an elaborate meal from the things she had in the house. She was worried, too, about the looks of the house. She meant always to keep it neat, but for such an honoured guest, surely it should be spotless. While Jesus was talking with Mary in the garden, Martha scurried here and there, cleaning, and cooking, and fussing and fixing. The day was hot and she grew very tired; and of course, the more she worked, the more hot and tired she grew.

In the meantime, Mary, very cool and happy, was sitting with Jesus in the garden. Jesus was talking. Mary was looking eagerly into His face as He spoke, for when Jesus talked it seemed to her she could understand everything about life and the Kingdom of Heaven. By the "Kingdom of Heaven" Jesus meant a beautiful some-

thing that began in people's hearts when they learned to love Him, and grew and grew, spreading from one to another. It was nothing you could see, but you could tell by a person's life whether he belonged to it or not. It was all very wonderful, Mary thought, as she listened to Jesus' words.

Suddenly Martha came hurrying out. Her face was red and she looked very much fretted. She came up to Jesus. "Lord, dost thou not care," she said, "that my sister hath left me to serve alone? Tell her to take hold and help me!"

But Jesus said, "Martha, Martha, thou art anxious and troubled about unnecessary things. Mary hath chosen the good part which shall not be taken away from her."

Hints to the Teacher. Give more attention to the passage from Matthew than to the story of Mary and Martha. The story will be useful in illustrating how Jesus preferred the spiritual fellowship of His friends to the material comforts that their hospitality sought to provide.

The whole teaching of this lesson resolves itself into the question, "What is the most valuable thing in life?" Is it money? Is it entertainment? Is it good things to eat and fine clothes? In this age when people everywhere are making such a mad scramble for material possessions, we must begin as early as possible to teach our children that there are things which are vastly more important.

The greatest of all treasures are the treasures of the spirit,—the love of God and of one another, the sense of having done right, and the joy that comes from being kind. We shall need to explain the term "Kingdom" with considerable patience and perseverance. This kingdom of which Jesus speaks is not some place to go when one dies. It is a spiritual kingdom that comes in the hearts of men here and now, spreading from one to another. We want it to come more richly and fully, therefore we pray, "Thy

kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

A STORY FOR THE WORSHIP PERIOD

The White Flower of Happiness[1]

Many years ago there lived a wise and generous king. He had a wonderful palace. On the walls were beautiful pictures, for he was very fond of pictures; but he loved his books more than he did his pictures.

When the king grew old, his favourite pastime was having his courtiers read to him out of these wonderful books. One day one of his courtiers found an old book which had belonged to his great-grandfather. In it was a story of a white flower with a gold band around it. Those who had this wonderful flower blooming in their yard were always happy, and the flower was called, "The White Flower of Happiness." The king understood now why the people who lived in his great-grandfather's time were so happy, and he said, "Surely there must be some seeds left in the country." And so he called all his courtiers together and said, "Go East, go West, go North, go South, and search for the White Flower of Happiness. When you have found it, we will plant it in our garden and take good care of it, and when the seeds come, I'll let every one have a seed to plant in his yard. Such a happy kingdom as we shall have!"

There were two people in the country who wanted particularly to find the White Flower of Happiness. One was a woman who lived in a big house near the palace. She thought, "If I can only find the White Flower of Happiness I'll plant it in my yard and keep it all to

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[1] From *Fireside Stories*, by Margaret Eggleston. Used by permission of George H. Doran Company.

myself." So she built a big wall all around her garden so no one could see her plants, and then she went from place to place and gathered every kind of plant she could find, and planted it in her garden. One after another of the flowers bloomed. Some of them were white, but not one of them had a gold band around it, and so the selfish woman did not find the White Flower of Happiness.

There was a man in that country who thought that if he could find the White Flower of Happiness that it would be a good way to make money. "If I can find the White Flower of Happiness and raise the seeds, then I can sell each seed for a large sum of money and I will soon grow rich," he said. And so he went to the flower stores and bought ever and ever so many kinds of seeds. He spent a great deal of time and money trying to find the White Flower of Happiness.

Now in the kingdom, in a narrow, dark alley, there lived a kind-hearted old lady whom every one loved. People called her "Aunt Betsey." Aunt Betsey heard about the king looking for the wonderful White Flower of Happiness and she said, "Wouldn't it be fine if we could have one of those flowers planted in a box in this gloomy alley!"

Aunt Betsey was a hard-working woman. But she was happy to think that she was able to work. She thought about the White Flower of Happiness as she saw others around her that were unhappy. More and more she wished that she had one of those wonderful white flowers growing somewhere in her alley. "Maybe some one will find the flower some day," she said. "I'll save my pennies; then I can buy a seed and plant it in the alley." And so she dropped every penny that she could into an old tin cup which she placed on the mantle, hoping the seed would soon be found.

One day when Aunt Betsey came home from work, she found a little boy named Bobby on her steps fast asleep. Bobby's mother was dead and his father was not as good as he might have been. Often he did not go home until late at night, and so when Bobby's father did not go home and Bobby was lonesome and unhappy, he would run to Aunt Betsey's for comfort. Aunt Betsey took Bobby into the house. She lit the fire and warmed him. She warmed some broth and gave it to him. Then she put him to bed and sang a little song as he went to sleep. After Bobby had gone to sleep, Aunt Betsey picked up one of his shoes. It was full of big holes. Aunt Betsey shook her head and said, "It is so cold. I wish that I could get Bobby a new pair of shoes!" Just then a voice seemed to say to her, "There is the money for the seed." "Oh, but I could not take that!" she said to herself.

Aunt Betsey sat before her bright fire and tried to take a nap, but she could not go to sleep for thinking about the holes in Bobby's shoes. "How I wish I could get him a new pair," she said. Then a voice seemed to say, "There is the money for the seed."

Aunt Betsey put on her bonnet, and wrapping her shawl around her, said to herself, "I will take the money for the seed and buy Bobby a pair of shoes. I can earn some more money for the seed." She hurried to the nearest shoe store and bought the shoes. She started home in a great hurry, and just as she turned the corner, she bumped into an ash-can that was just outside the florist's shop. On top of the can was a little plant. Aunt Betsey picked up the plant and said, "Oh, you dear little plant, if I leave you here in the cold you will die, but maybe if I take you home and love you, you will live." And so Aunt Betsey took the little

plant home and planted it in a tin can and placed it in her window.

When Bobby woke up the next morning, there in place of his old shoes he found a new pair. I cannot tell you how happy Bobby was. And Aunt Betsey was just as happy as Bobby.

Days went by. Things had been hard for Aunt Betsey and she could not spare any pennies for her seed, but she was happy in caring for her little plant. She watered it every day. The sunshine warmed it and the little plant grew and grew.

One day everything seemed to go wrong at the shop. Aunt Betsey was glad when the day was over. She hurried home. When she opened her door there was a fragrant odour that filled her little hall. As she stepped into the room she turned and looked at her plant. She walked over to the window and there on the top of the plant she found a most beautiful white flower with a gold band around it.

"The White Flower of Happiness!" she cried. "I will take you out into the alley and then all the people will be happy." Then she thought of the king. He had said that whoever found the White Flower of Happiness was to bring it to him so that he might raise many other plants. So she hurried with her treasure to the king. The king was delighted to have the White Flower of Happiness that he had been looking for so long. He planted it in his garden and his gardener took the very bast care of it. It grew and many other plants grew from it, and the seed was given to the people all over the kingdom.

And how changed was the little alley! The whole country was changed, and the strange thing about it all was that when the people were selfish, the plant would

wither and die. The White Flower of Happiness with the gold band around it always grew where there was kindness and good cheer in the hearts of the people who owned it. So the boys and girls and the men and the women in the kingdom learned to love the White Flower of Happiness and learned to make it grow until it had shed its fragrance over the whole land.

LESSON 23

KEEPING RULES AT HOME

Aim. The aim of these last four lessons is to show the close connection between love and obedience. Today we have obedience in the home.

Scripture Material. Luke 2:41-51.

Memory Verse. "If ye love me, ye will keep my commandments." John 14:15.

For the Child to Do. 1. Write a very short composition on the question: "If I were head of a family, what rules would I have in my home?"

2. Each member of the class may bring in a list of rules that he has in his own home. Discussions with the teacher will show which are hardest to keep and why they should be kept.

3. Make a model of a home in Palestine in the time of Christ. A square box will serve admirably. Make a door in front, and a cardboard staircase on the outside extending to the roof.

4. Rehearse the playlet, "We Love Our School," for Lesson 24. A class of boys should begin the playlet, "Matriotism," for Lesson 25.

5. The teacher should hold try-outs for the principal parts in the pageant. After all those wishing to take part have had a chance to read some of the lines, have the pupils vote (by ballot) for those who shall take the parts.

THE STORY FROM THE BIBLE

If the men who wrote the books in the New Testament had only told us more about Jesus' boyhood, we would

be very glad. We think that it might be easier for boys and girls to know what to do if they knew just what Jesus did when He was nine, for instance, or ten. But there is one thing they do tell us about Him,—he kept the rules at home. We do not have to guess at that as we do about most of the facts of Jesus' childhood. We guess that His mother and father taught Him the Old Testament stories and laws because all Jewish mothers and fathers taught their children the Old Testament stories and laws. We guess that He loved to play out-doors because when He grew up He spoke so often about fields and flowers and birds. But this much we really know: He loved His mother and did as she said.

One day He gave her quite a fright, though He did not suppose she was going to be worried. He was twelve years old and for the first time in His life had gone with His mother and father to the temple at Jerusalem. It was all very wonderful, this temple, with its gleaming gold and white marble and its huge columns. But even more wonderful than seeing it from the outside was going inside and feeling that you were in God's House. Jesus began to feel that God in heaven was His Father in a very special way and that there was something He must be doing for Him.

At first Jesus went about with His mother and father. Then He was allowed to look around by Himself. He found some of the wise men, doctors of the law, talking with the people, and He decided to join them. He drew near, and after a time got a chance to ask a question. The doctors began to take an interest in Him. They asked Him questions, and Jesus told them what He had been thinking about things. They were all surprised to see how much He knew.

Then suddenly His mother and father entered, looking

anxiously about. When they saw Jesus sitting among the doctors, they were very much surprised and very much relieved. His mother ran to Him. "Son, why hast thou thus dealt with us?" she said. "Behold, thy father and I sought thee sorrowing."

But Jesus said, "How is it that ye sought me? Knew ye not that I must be in my Father's house?"

Then the story says that He went home with His mother and father to Nazareth and "was subject unto them." People who know the Greek language, in which this book was first written, tell us that those words mean that He obeyed His parents willingly,—that of His own choice He did as they wished.

Toward the end of Jesus' ministry, you remember He had a supper with His disciples in the upper room,—the "Last Supper," we call it. At this time He gave His disciples many teachings. One of the things He said was, "If ye love me, ye will keep my commandments." He knew that the twelve disciples loved Him,—that is, all but one. He knew, too, that if their love was real and true, they would want to follow His teachings. It may be that even then He remembered His mother and how as a boy He had done as she said because He loved her.

Hints to the Teacher. After you have introduced the teaching about loving obedience—obedience the natural result of love, centre the attention of the class upon the application to home life. Show that the right kind of love for parents seeks to please them by doing as they say.

The following illustrations show some unhappy results of disobedience and may help you to apply the lesson:

1. Mary and her mother were planning to go to a concert in the evening. Her mother had to go away in the afternoon. She told Mary to stay at home and get her home work done so she could go out in the evening. Some

friends came by and urged Mary to go to the woods with them. Mary said, "I will bring mother some flowers and she will not punish me for being disobedient." But Mary's mother was not pleased with the flowers and Mary had to stay home from the concert to finish her home work. Did the gift of flowers show that Mary loved her mother? Should not Mary's mother have been pleased with the flowers? How would have been a better way for Mary to have shown her love for her mother?

2. One of the rules in Fred's home was that the children should go to bed at nine. Fred persisted in staying up the other night, and the next day he failed in an arithmetic test because he was too tired to think clearly. He did not tell his mother about this because he loved her so much he could not bear to see her disappointed. Which would have disappointed her more, his bad grade or his disobedience?

3. Donald's parents allowed him to go to the park alone, but Junior, just out after having the measles, had been told not to leave the yard. Donald said, "Aw, come on! There's no harm in going to the park." Junior yielded. While they were playing near the pond, Junior fell in. He became very sick again and his parents were frightfully worried. Were his parents wise in telling him to stay in the yard? Do children that love their parents do things that cause them worry? How much was Donald to blame for the trouble Junior got into?

Tell the children they can help other children to be obedient by never urging them to do anything that their parents have told them not to do. What is right for one child may be wrong for another. They should seek to uphold each other in matters of principle.

A STORY FOR THE WORSHIP PERIOD

About a Boy Who Loved His Home

Charles was an English boy who had a home that he

loved. You perhaps would not have thought of it as a happy home, though if you had lived in it yourself, you no doubt would have liked it as well as Charles did. There was not very much money in that home. Charles' father was a clergyman in a poor country parish, and his salary was small. There were many brothers and sisters with whom everything must be shared. They had enough to eat of plain food, but not many pretty clothes, and I am sure that many of the things we spend money on so freely today they never even heard of. Their house, too, had been burned down when Charles was a baby. It had been rebuilt but not very comfortably.

They had good times together in spite of their hardships. When there are many brothers and sisters there is no chance to get lonesome. They were all very fond of their mother. They did just exactly as she said; they had to. But they were willing to because they loved her and knew that she wanted to do everything for their good. Other people thought a lot of their mother, too, for though she was very busy indeed, caring for her large family, she was not too busy to help her husband with the Christian work of the parish. She early taught her children to love God and the Church.

When Charles was five years old, his mother taught him to read. She began by teaching him the letters of the alphabet, which he learned in one day Then she began his reading lessons, using the Bible as a text-book, and starting out with Genesis 1 : 1,—" In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." When he was eight years old he went away to school, and his older brother Samuel, who was a teacher in the school, looked after him and helped to pay his expenses. Charles got along well at school, and liked his studies and his friends.

As a lad in his teens, Charles was called upon to

decide something very important. There was a wealthy man in Ireland who was interested in him because of his name. His last name was Wesley, and the wealthy man's name was Wesley, too—Garret Wesley. This man owned a great deal of land and was a member of Parliament, which makes the laws over in England. Garret Wesley had no children of his own, and he wanted to adopt a boy as his son and heir who should receive his property. One day at school, this wealthy gentleman came to visit Charles. He offered Charles the opportunity to come and live with him. He could live in a beautiful house, and have everything he wanted that money could buy. Then when the old gentleman died, all the land and all the money would be his very own.

Charles was quite excited. He wrote home to his father and asked his advice, but his father left the choice entirely to him.

Poor Charles! Deciding something important is awfully hard work, you know, and he was left to do it all alone! No, I think he was not all alone. I think the Heavenly Father helped him. The Heavenly Father brought to his mind the thought of his dear old home and his brothers and sisters and the good times they had together. It would be very lonely in a fine big house with no brothers and sisters at all. Charles thought of his father and mother. How could he give up his own good father and mother to be someone else's boy altogether? Charles decided that he could not. He loved his home too much to leave it in that way. He told Mr. Garret Wesley that he could not go with him.

Later on, Charles went to college, and because he came to love Jesus very much, he studied to be a clergyman. He and his brother John were both clergymen, and preached to many thousands of people. John could preach

better than Charles as a rule, but there was one thing Charles could do better than almost anybody in the world. He could write hymns. He wrote thousands of beautiful hymns. If you look through the hymn-books for the name of Charles Wesley you will find it many times. He wrote the hymn we sing beginning, " Love divine, all love excelling," and " Jesus, Lover of my soul." He has been called " the sweet singer of Methodism " because it was so largely through John Wesley's preaching and Charles Wesley's hymns that the great Methodist Church was started.

It would be hard to guess what would have happened if Charles Wesley had decided to go to live with the wealthy Garret Wesley of Ireland. He might have become so fond of money and good times that he would not have thought about Jesus and about other people. Perhaps he would not have written any hymns at all. But nobody knows about that. Anyway, we like to think how this boy, who really, truly lived and became a great and famous man, loved his humble home and thought it more precious than lands and gold.

LESSON 24

KEEPING RULES AT SCHOOL

Aim. To encourage obedience in school by appealing to the child's loyalty.

Scripture Material. Mark 10: 17-22.

Memory Verse. Ye are my friends if ye do the things which I command you. John 15: 14.

For the Child to Do. 1. Make a set of rules for the Week-Day School of the Church.

2. The children may elect officers from among their own number and assume the leadership of the Week-Day School for two weeks. They may take charge of the worship service, and any secretarial duties and other parts of the program as may seem advisable.

3. Boys continue to rehearse "Matriotism" for Lesson 25.

4. Rehearse sections of the pageant in the individual classes.

5. Make posters advertising the pageant, and put on the bulletin boards.

THE STORY FROM THE BIBLE

Jesus was one of the greatest teachers who has ever lived. He did not teach in a schoolhouse, and He did not teach in a church, though He did often teach in the synagogue. Usually He taught out of doors, sometimes on the mountainside, sometimes by the shore of the lake. His pupils did not come to Him by classes and sign their names and addresses. They did not have any text-books nor any lesson quarterlies. They just came to Jesus and listened eagerly to the things He told them.

People who were in the habit of coming to learn the great lessons that Jesus taught were called "disciples." The word disciple means "learner." They nearly always called Jesus "Teacher" when they spoke to Him. Out of a great number of disciples, Jesus chose twelve whom He also called apostles. These twelve are the ones we usually think of when we speak of the disciples. They were Jesus' closest companions, going with Him on His journeys, and learning more than the others about the kind of life He wanted men to live.

Now because they did not have any regular teaching in a class-room, don't you believe that there were no rules in Jesus' school. The rules in Jesus' school were the very rules that we have been learning in this second part of our course,—rules about being kind and forgiving and generous and helpful. You remember that Jesus said to His disciples one evening, "If ye love me, ye will keep my commandments." Most of them did love Him very much.

One day a young man, not one of the twelve, came up to Jesus in a great hurry and knelt down before Him. "Good Teacher," he said, "what shall I do that I may inherit eternal life?"

Jesus asked if he had kept the commandments, and He named over some of them: do not steal, do not kill, do not bear false witness, and so forth.

"Teacher," said the young man, "all these things have I observed from my youth."

Jesus loved the young man. He was a nobleman and well dressed and good looking, but that was not why Jesus loved him. Jesus loved him because he was so earnest and because he could do so much for the Kingdom of God if he were willing to do as Jesus asked.

"One thing thou lackest," said Jesus. "Go, sell what-

soever thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: and come, follow me."

But the young man did not love his Teacher enough to do as He said. He had a great deal of money and he thought he could not give it up. He turned and went sadly away.

Hints to the Teacher. First you will need to stimulate the loyalty of your pupils for their school by showing the advantages of education. Tell of the times, years ago, when education was so hard to get that only a selected few could secure it. Thousands could not read or write. Now education is free to all, the schools constantly being made better.

As soon as the proper foundation is laid, speak of the rules in schools, what they usually consist of, and why they are made. A rule that has a good reason-for-being which the child can understand is much more apt to be kept than a rule that seems arbitrary and unreasonable. As in the preceding lesson, make obedience the test of loyalty.

Speak particularly about honour in the class room at examination time. The ethical standards of children at such times are deplorably low—even of older students in high schools and colleges. Make clear that the person who cheats is cheating nobody but himself; he is failing to fill his mind with the knowledge he will need when he gets out of school.

Encourage the children to stand on their own feet and not be led by what others do. Condemn the attitude of the girl who says, "If the other girls don't keep the rules, I don't see why I should." Urge them to have courage to stand for the right, even if they have to stand alone.

A PLAYLET FOR THE WORSHIP PERIOD

We Love Our School

Scene: The playlet is in two scenes. The first represents

the campus of a girls' boarding school just after a basketball game in which the team from this school has been victorious. Scene II is in the dormitory.

Characters: From six to fifteen girls according to the available space and the number desiring to take part. A taller girl takes the part of the matron.

Scene I

(Enter: *A group of girls, some of them in bloomers and carrying a basketball. The others are very much excited, hugging the players, patting them on the back, telling them, "Good work!" "That was great!" etc.*)

First Girl: Wasn't that a wonderful game!

Second Girl: Oh, so close,—eighteen to sixteen!

Third Girl: I'm so glad our school won this time.

Fourth Girl: I just love our school!

Several Girls at Once: So do I!

Fifth Girl: It's the grandest school that ever was.

First Girl: Let's give our yell.

(*The girls form a ring and give some school yell that they are familiar with; then leave the stage shouting and clapping.*)

Scene II

(*Two girls are seen seated at a study-table in one of the rooms of the dormitory. Several school books and a Bible are in evidence. Light comes from a student-lamp which can be turned on and off by the the girls.*)

First Girl (*stretching and yawning*): Oh, dear! Ten o'clock. Time to go to bed.

Second Girl: I know a lot of the girls that don't go to bed at ten o'clock.

First Girl: Probably so; but it's one of the rules.

SECOND GIRL: I think I won't go just yet.

FIRST GIRL: No?

SECOND GIRL: If the other girls don't keep the rules, I don't see why we should.

FIRST GIRL: Well, maybe I won't go to bed just yet either. Guess I'll read a few verses from the Bible, though. Shall I read aloud?

SECOND GIRL: Go ahead.

FIRST GIRL (*opening the Bible and turning to John 14:15*): "If ye love me, ye will keep my commandments." Why, isn't it queer that I should turn to that verse!

SECOND GIRL: Why is it queer?

FIRST GIRL: Oh, because,—don't you know?—this morning we said we loved our school, but if we really do love it, we'll want to keep the rules.

SECOND GIRL: I guess that's right.

FIRST GIRL (*reading very slowly and thoughtfully*): "If ye love me, ye will keep my commandments!"

SECOND GIRL: Maybe we had better go to bed right away.

FIRST GIRL: I think so.

SECOND GIRL: The light ought to be out now. Do you need it any more?

FIRST GIRL: No. (*They turn out the light.*)

(*Just then a loud buzzing or ringing is heard off stage. The girls jump up and put the light on again.*)

BOTH GIRLS (*speaking excitedly*): A fire drill!

(*The girls start to leave the room but are prevented by the matron, who enters and speaks pleasantly.*)

MATRON: No, girls. It isn't a fire drill this time. We are going to have a little party to celebrate our victory. May we come in here a few minutes? Your room is large.

FIRST GIRL (*eagerly*): Oh, yes, do come!

MATRON: You girls showed this morning that you loved our school, and most of you have showed your loyalty all along by keeping the rules. Come in, girls (*to those outside*). We will sing a few songs here; then up in my room we will have something to eat.

(ENTER, *the other girls of the school, smiling happily. All sit down on the floor.*)

THIRD GIRL, who spoke in Scene I: What shall we sing?

FOURTH GIRL, who spoke in Scene I: "Love's Old Sweet Song" is a good one.

(*All sing "Love's Old Sweet Song."*)

FIFTH GIRL, who spoke in Scene I: Now let's sing our favourite hymn.

(*All sing the first stanza of the hymn, "Saviour, teach me day by day." It may be found in the order of service for May.*)

MATRON: That was good. Now up to my room, girls, quick!

(*Exeunt.*)

LESSON 25

KEEPING THE LAWS OF OUR COUNTRY

Aim. To instil into the heart of the child the deeper meaning of patriotism which includes respect for law and order in national life.

Scripture Material. Acts 16: 16-40.

Memory Verse. Righteousness exalteth a nation;
But sin is a reproach to any people.
—Proverbs 14: 34.

For the Child to Do. 1. Make an American flag from paper chains as follows: Cut strips of red paper as wide as the stripes of the flag you wish to make, and about three times as long. Bend the strips and paste the ends to form links in the chain. Make three red chains and three white ones the length that you want your flag. Then make four chains part blue and part red, and three chains part blue and part white. Paste white paper stars on the blue links. The flag is now ready to assemble. Hang the chains from a rod so that each forms a stripe and the blue links form the field of stars. The flag thus appears to be hanging vertically. Before pasting the strips, write on each one some virtue that you would like to have our flag represent. Thirteen children, one for each stripe, may work together on one flag, thus applying the lesson of co-operation in national ife.

2. The children may elect representatives to take various responsibilities at the time of the closing exercises; for instance, there should be ushers, helpers to assist in arranging the exhibit of handwork, and others to assist with the decorations, the costumes and the properties.

3. Continue the rehearsal of the pageant.

THE STORY FROM THE BIBLE

Most of the people in the Bible stories we have had were citizens of one country, the little country known as Palestine, or the Land of Israel. The laws of this nation were the laws in the Bible, along with others that the people had made.

One of the heroes of our stories, however, was the citizen of another country, too. Paul belonged to this same nation of the children of Israel, that is, the Jews; but he was also a Roman citizen. Rome was a great and powerful empire. The little nation of the Jews belonged to the Roman empire but not all Jews possessed the Roman citizenship. Paul was by birth a Roman citizen, probably because his father or grandfather had done some deed of bravery in the service of a Roman ruler. Or it may be that their citizenship had been bought with a large sum of money, as was sometimes done. Anyway, Paul was proud of being a Roman citizen as well as being a good Jew.

Some people thought that Paul did not keep the laws as he should, and they were all the time making trouble for him which he did not deserve. It is true that when he preached about Jesus to people who were not Jews, he did not try to have them keep all the Jewish laws. Many of the Jews hated Paul because of this.

On the other hand, the Romans seemed to think that Paul was teaching something contrary to Roman law when he spoke about Jesus' kingdom. They thought he meant for Jesus to be king instead of Cæsar, the Roman Emperor. Of course Paul meant nothing of the kind. He meant that Jesus was to be king in the hearts of men. But the Romans made this their excuse for stopping Paul's preaching when they found that he interfered with some of their wicked deeds.

One day Paul and Silas, his companion, helped a poor slave girl who brought much money to her masters through her power to tell fortunes. Her masters were furious at Paul for interfering, and had him and his companion beaten and thrown into prison. It was strictly against the Roman law for them to beat Paul, who was a Roman citizen, and put him into prison without a trial. The Roman law was supposed to protect a Roman from such injustice.

That night Paul and Silas prayed, and sang hymns, and the other prisoners listened. At about midnight there suddenly came a great earthquake, and the prison doors flew open. But Paul did not try to escape. The jailer was so surprised and relieved to find the prisoners still there that he fell at Paul's feet, crying, "What must I do to be saved?"

Paul said, "Believe on the Lord Jesus, and thou shalt be saved." Paul then told the jailer about Jesus, and the jailer and all his family became Christians.

The next morning word was sent to the jailer to let Paul and Silas out of prison, but Paul said, "They have beaten us publicly, uncondemned, men that are Romans, and have cast us into prison; and do they now cast us out secretly? Nay verily; but let them come themselves and bring us out."

When the magistrates heard that Paul and Silas were Romans, they were alarmed because of having beaten them. They came with great courtesy and many apologies, and asked Paul and Silas to leave the city.

Hints to the Teacher. Discuss the value of having rules in a game and following them. In just the same way, when there are a great many people living together in a nation, they must have rules, or laws, and the laws must be kept. Discuss how the Roman law was a protection to Roman

citizens. Do laws in our country protect people? Some of our nation's laws are the same as the Ten Commandments, for instance, the law against murder, and the law against stealing. These protect life and property. Then there are the laws about how fast you should drive your automobile and other traffic regulations. Do these protect people? And what about the law against selling whisky? This is meant to protect people too—those who do not have self-control enough to stop drinking of their own accord. The laws of our nation are made by the citizens themselves, and are passed because it is thought that they will benefit the greatest number of people.

The test of loyalty, (If ye love me, ye will keep my commandments) is very applicable to national life. We all believe that we are patriotic. But it is not the lusty singing of "The Star-Spangled Banner," nor the waving of hats at a patriotic parade, it is not saluting the flag,—not these things primarily that show patriotism; it is *keeping the laws of our nation.*

A PLAYLET FOR THE WORSHIP PERIOD

Matriotism[1]

Scene: The stage should be set very simply, nothing being needed but a bench and an American flag on a standard.

Characters: Two boys, one taking the part of a grandfather and the other of a boy.

(ENTER: *the grandfather and the boy. They sit down on the bench. The old man starts to read a newspaper and boy begins to whittle.*)

BOY: I wonder if all the wars are over for good.

GRANDFATHER: I hope so.

BOY: Oh, but wars are great. I've just been reading a dandy war story.

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[1] Arranged from a sketch by Frederick Hall in *The Wellspring.* Used by permission, Pilgrim Press.

GRANDFATHER: Stories don't tell the bad side.

BOY: Well, if the wars are all over, how can I ever be a patriot? Isn't a patriot a man who fights for his country?

GRANDFATHER: You love your mother very much, too, don't you?

BOY: I should say I do.

GRANDFATHER: More than you love your country?

BOY: Yes, I think I do. But you never would have to decide which one, would you?

GRANDFATHER: You would fight for your mother just the same as you would for your country?

BOY: Why, of course.

GRANDFATHER: *Did* you ever fight for her?

BOY (*sheepishly*): Once.

GRANDFATHER: Tell me about it.

BOY (*rising and speaking excitedly*): Well, Billy Rhodes said that his brother caught a fish fourteen feet long, and I told him my mother said it was a lie. What mother had really said was that she thought Billy's brother must be mistaken; but I told him she said it was a lie, and he said it was not a lie, and finally I said, "If my mother says it's a lie, it's a lie if it *ain't* a lie."

GRANDFATHER: "My mother, right or wrong!"

BOY: Yes, I guess that was about it. And then I went for him.

GRANDFATHER: How did it come out?

BOY: Oh, I licked him. He went home crying, but he spoiled my new suit.

GRANDFATHER: Did your fighting do your mother any good?

BOY: Not a bit; it made her trouble.

GRANDFATHER: How do you suppose it is with countries?

Have they always been helped when their sons fought for them?

BOY: I don't know as they have.

GRANDFATHER: Do you think you will ever fight for your mother again?

BOY: I would if she were in danger.

GRANDFATHER: Yes, of course you would, but do you think she is ever likely to need it?

BOY: Probably not. Why, who'd want to hurt mother, or even to say a thing against her?

GRANDFATHER: Exactly. Fighting does not seem to have much to do with being a good son.

BOY: No.

GRANDFATHER: Why should it have so much to do with being a good citizen? Do you think it really has so much?

BOY: Well—

GRANDFATHER: Suppose there never comes a chance to fight for your mother, how are you going to prove that you are a good son?

BOY: I could help some way.

GRANDFATHER: Suppose we make up a word. If love of country is patriotism, love of your mother we will call matriotism. And matriotism demands: first, that you mind; second, that you do your share in keeping the home going, whatever your share is; third, that you get on with any brothers and sisters that you happen to have; fourth, that you get on as well as you can with the neighbours and bring no disgrace on the family.

BOY: Why, yes, grandfather, it's just the same thing. Minding—that's keeping the laws of a country; and doing your share of work—that's earning your living and paying taxes; and getting on at home—that's

treating your fellow-citizens right, whoever they are; and getting on well with neighbours—that's international neighbours, being decent and generous, so that no nation can ever blame us and be right about it.

GRANDFATHER: And a man who did all those things as well as he could would be a patriot? Whether he ever fought in a war or not?

BOY (*stepping over to the flag and touching its folds tenderly*): I think so.

GRANDFATHER: I think so, too. And some day I believe the world will learn that the virtues of patriotism and matriotism are the same.

(*Exeunt*)

LESSON 26

KEEPING THE LAWS OF GOD

Aim. To summarize the whole course, making love for God the incentive for trying to keep His laws.

Scripture Material. The fourteen New Testament stories reviewed briefly.

Memory Work. Review of the memory verses of the last six lessons.

For the Child to Do. 1. Bring in the mite boxes given out at Lesson 18. If desired, the service of consecration may be more elaborate than for the regular offering. Have a processional, allowing the children to march around and place their boxes on the altar or on the table which shall symbolize the altar. Use the response given with the order of service for March.

2. Hold a dress rehearsal of the pageant.

3. The leader should have every detail of the closing exercises well planned and be sure that each child knows what his share is to be so that there will be no frantic scurrying about at the last minute. Exercises of this kind give opportunity to put into practice all the virtues studied.

SUMMARY OF THE NEW TESTAMENT STORIES

Lesson 12. A man Jesus told about—
Built a house on a good foundation.

Lesson 13. A man Jesus told about—
Would not forgive as he had been forgiven.

Lesson 14. Philemon—
Returned good for evil to a runaway slave.

Lesson 15. Jesus—
Did more than was asked or expected when He washed the disciples' feet.

Lesson 16. Gamaliel, the Pharisee—
Was fair-minded toward the disciples.

Lesson 17. The Good Samaritan—
Showed love for his neighbour by helping him when he fell among robbers.

Lesson 18. Paul—
Loved his far-away neighbours and told them the good news about Jesus.

Lesson 19. Jesus—
Gave the Golden Rule which fulfils all law to our neighbour.

Lesson 20. A little boy Jesus knew—
Was an example of humility for the disciples.

Lesson 21. Jesus—
Had courage in all kinds of danger.

Lesson 22. Mary—
Put first things first.

Lesson 23. Jesus as a boy—
Loved His parents and was obedient.

Lesson 24. A young man Jesus knew—
Did not love his Teacher well enough to do as He said.

Lesson 25. Paul—
Was proud of his Roman citizenship.

Hints to the Teacher. Review the New Testament stories according to the summary given above.

Use again the chart given with Lesson 19, only this time use the whole circle and emphasize the six virtues at the top. These deal with our attitudes toward God,

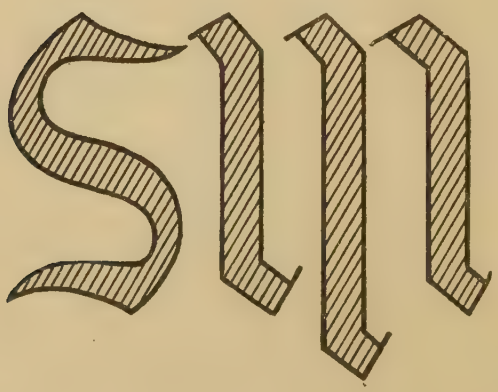
toward ourselves, and toward life in general. They are fundamental and belong with "the first and greatest commandment."

Make the child's love for God the basis for keeping all the laws. Enlarge and beautify his conception of God as much as you can. Encourage him to seek God's aid in keeping the commandments by means of prayer and obedience to conscience. Prayer in times of temptation is always helpful.

Remember that the mere fact that a law is a law is not a sufficient reason to give the child for obedience. You say, Keep the law; the child says, Why? Morality without religion is usually a failure. With no religion there is not sufficient incentive for being good. Give the child such a beautiful conception of God that obedience to God's laws will become his highest joy.

A CHALK-TALK FOR THE WORSHIP PERIOD

What I Saw in the Ceiling



(On a blackboard which can be turned upside down, draw letters similar to the ones given above. A large chart will do if the blackboard is not available.)

One day I went into a beautiful old church. There was no service being held just then, and I was all alone in the building. Being rather tired, I sat down in a pew and leaned back, looking idly up into the ceiling. The ceiling was very high and there were arches all around. Suddenly I noticed something that made me sit up in surprise. Far up in the ceiling were some large letters, and here is the way I saw them. (Point to the letters on the board.)

What are those letters? Can you read them? S-I-N! The word "sin" in the ceiling of the church! Could it be possible? Sin means doing wrong,—breaking the commandments. I had seen the pastor and some of the people of this church. They did not appear as if they would tolerate sin at all, but here it was in the ceiling of their church!

Then I rose and went down the aisle where I could get a different view of the letters. "Ah!" I cried. "Now I see aright!" (Turn the blackboard over.) These letters are not S-I-N but I-H-S. IHS is a Latin monogram that stands for Jesus—not the initials of Jesus' name, but the nitials of a Latin title for Him: *Iesu Hominum Salvator.* (Write this on the board.) "Iesu' is the Latin form of "Jesus;" "hominum" is the Latin word for "of men;" "Salvator" is the Latin word for "Saviour." "Jesus, of men, the Saviour." (Write this on the board.)

So the people who belonged to the beautiful old church which I had entered did not have "sin" in their church, they had Jesus, the Saviour of men! I thought to myself, here, indeed, is a parable; and the meaning of the parable is this:

Sin comes from seeing Jesus wrong.

Some people see Jesus as only a name. Nearly everyone in our country has at least heard the name of Jesus, but many are indifferent and know nothing about Him or about God. Such people are apt to be found having all kinds of sins, from the least even up to the greatest, because they see no particular reason for being good.

Then there are people who see Jesus as just a man who lived and died long ago. They do not see Him as the Saviour of men Who lives forever more. They think His teachings were good, but they do not ask Him to help them keep the commandments because they do not believe He has power to help people to be good. They do not take Him into their lives; therefore, without Him, they fail.

Jesus came to show us the Heavenly Father, so people who see Jesus wrong, generally see God wrong, too. Some people think of God sitting on a throne, away off somewhere, not caring much about people or what they do. They do not know that God cares for the smallest boy and girl in this room and is sad when they do wrong. People who think God doesn't care are apt not to care themselves.

Some people think of God as so loving and tenderhearted that He does not punish those who do wrong. But you know yourself that a love like that would not be the wisest and most perfect love. All the wonderful things in the world that God has made, He made to follow certain strict laws. They all obey. The moon does not say to itself, "I'm tired of staying just so far from the earth; I think I'll go bump into her!" No, indeed. The moon stays right where she belongs. The stars and planets all keep in their proper courses, too, and the comet that visits the earth regularly every seventy-

five years. The pansy seed that you plant in the window-box doesn't say to itself, "Now I think I'll come up corn this time." No, the pansy seed brings forth pansies, the grain of corn brings forth the cornstalk, every time, just exactly according to God's laws. So it is with God's children; they must obey His laws. He loves them and forgives them freely but He has to punish wrongdoing because wrongdoing causes so much trouble.

That is why I say that sin comes from seeing God wrong and from seeing Jesus wrong. May we always think of God as the loving Heavenly Father Who is also wise and just and whose laws must be obeyed; and may we think of Jesus as our living Friend, forever the Saviour of men.

PRAYER. Dear Father, we pray Thee to help us that we may see Thee aright. We thank Thee that Thou dost love us so much, and that Thou dost care what we do day by day. We are glad, too, that Thou art wise and just. Help us to show our love for Thee by obeying Thee at all times. We ask it in the name of our dear Lord Jesus, Who gave His very life to save us from our sins. Amen.

APPENDIX A

ORDERS OF SERVICE FOR THE WORSHIP PERIOD

INDEX OF HYMNS USED IN THE ORDERS OF SERVICE

		PAGE IN THIS BOOK
Away in a manger.....Martin Luther	*84 (70)	204
Tune, *Away in a Manger,* Carl Mueller	*84*	
Bless thou the gifts our hands have brought .....Samuel Longfellow		200, 221
Tune, *Eaton*.....George W. Chadwick	*93*	
Christ for America.....Marion Colman		209, 222
Tune, *Caritas*.....George A. Burdett		
Orders of Worship, page	*16*	
Christ the Lord is risen to-day, Charles Wesley	*114* (91)	213
Tune, *Worgan*....."Lyra Davidica"	*114* (91)	
Dare to be brave, dare to be true, W. J. Rooper	*175*	206
Tune, *Dare to be Brave,* Duncan Hume	*175*	
Fairest Lord Jesus.....Münster, 1677	*122* (12)	212
Tune, *Crusader's Hymn,* Silesian Folk Song	*122* (12)	

* The number in italic type refers to the number of this hymn in the *Hymnal for American Youth,* H. Augustine Smith (Century Company). Numbers in parentheses refer to the *Methodist Sunday School Hymnal.* Most of the tunes may also be found in standard Church Hymnals.

Father, bless the gift we offer,
Marion Colman 211, 221
Tune, arranged from Reinecke

Hear our prayer, O Lord..... 214, 222
Tune, by George Whelpton
Orders of Worship, page 34

Holy, holy, holy, Lord, God of Hosts,
Mary A. Lathbury 17 (49) 210
(Refrain to *Day is Dying in the West*)
Tune, *Chautauqua*..William F. Sherwin 17 (49)

I would be true, for there are those who
trust me.....Howard Arnold Walter 170 (186) 205
Tune, *Peek*.....Joseph Yates Peek 170 (186)

It came upon the midnight clear..... 74 (63) 204

Lamp of our feet, whereby we trace,
Bernard D. Barton 200
Tune, *Lambeth*.....A. Schulthes
Orders of Worship, page 23

Love Divine, all love excelling,
Charles Wesley 126 (193) 214
Tune, *Beecher*.....John Zundel 126 (193)

My country, 'tis of thee..Samuel F. Smith 246 (274) 208
Tune, *America*.....Henry Carey 246 (274)

O beautiful for spacious skies,
Katherine Lee Bates 239 (279) 207
Tune, *Materna*.....Samuel A. Ward 239 (258)

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Thomas Ken 201
Tune, *Old Hundred*..Louis Bourgeois
Orders of Worship, page 9

Rejoice, ye pure in heart,
Edward A. Plumtre 1 200
Tune, *Marion*.....Arthur H. Messiter 1

Saviour, teach me, day by day,
Jane E. Leeson *161* (171) 215
Tune, *Emmelar*,
Arranged from Arthur S. Sullivan *161*

Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
George Duffield *202* (202) 206
Tune, *Stand up for Jesus*, Adam Geibel *202* (202)

Watchman, tell us of the night,
John Bowring *231* 203
Tune, *Watchman*.....Lowell Mason *231*

We plough the fields, and scatter,
Matthias Claudius *284* (271) 202
Tune, *Dresden*....Johann A. P. Schultz *284* (271)

We would see Jesus.....J. Edgar Park *95* 211
Tune, *Cushman*.....Herbert B. Turner *95*

Who is on the Lord's side?
Frances R. Havergal *184* (226) 209
Tune, *Armageddon*,
Arranged by John Goss *184* (226)

Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness.....John S. B. Monsell 199
Tune, *Monsell*.....William F. Sherwin
Orders of Worship, page 6

THEME FOR OCTOBER: "OH, HOW I LOVE THY LAW"

Processional March

Call to Worship

LEADER: Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness.
SCHOOL: *The Lord is in his holy temple;*
Let all the earth keep silence before him.

Prayer

Followed by the Lord's Prayer.

Hymn

Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness,
Bow down before him, his glory proclaim;
With gold of obedience and incense of lowliness,
Kneel and adore him—the Lord is his name.

Truth in its beauty, and love in its tenderness,
These are the offerings we lay on his shrine;
These though we bring them in trembling and fearfulness,
He will accept in the Name all divine.*

Responsive Reading

LEADER: Lift up your hearts.
SCHOOL: *We lift them up unto the Lord.*
LEADER: O Lord, open thou our eyes,
SCHOOL: *That we may behold wondrous things out of thy law.*
LEADER: O Lord, open thou our lips,
SCHOOL: *And our mouth shall show forth thy praise.*
LEADER: The Lord saith, Give ear, O my people, to my law. Incline your ear to the words of my mouth.

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* To locate the tunes for this and the following hymns, see index of hymns, pp. 196-198.

SCHOOL: *I will delight myself in thy statutes;*
I will not forget thy word.

LEADER: The precepts of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart.

SCHOOL: *Thy word have I hid in my heart that I might not sin against thee.*

LEADER: Be ye doers of the word and not hearers only.

ALL: THY WORD IS A LAMP UNTO MY FEET AND A LIGHT UNTO MY PATH.

Hymn

Lamp of our feet whereby we trace
Our path when wont to stray;
Stream from the fount of heavenly grace,
Brook by the traveller's way.

Word of the ever living God,
Will of His glorious Son;
Without Thee, how could earth be trod,
Or heaven itself be won?

Offering

Response

Bless Thou the gifts our hands have brought,
Bless Thou the work our hearts have planned;
Ours is the faith, the will, the thought,
The rest, O God, is in Thy hand. Amen.

Story

Dismissal for Classes

THEME FOR NOVEMBER: "THANKSGIVING AND PRAISE"

Processional Hymn

Rejoice, ye pure in heart,
Rejoice, give thanks and sing;
Your festal banner wave on high,—
The cross of Christ, your King.

REFRAIN:

Rejoice, rejoice,
Rejoice, give thanks and sing.

Bright youth and snow-crowned age,
Strong men and maidens fair,
Raise high your free, exulting song,
God's wondrous praise declare.

With voice as full and strong
As ocean's surging praise,
Send forth the hymns our fathers loved,
The psalms of ancient days.

Call to Worship

It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord,
And to sing praises unto thy name, O Most High.

Oh, magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together.

Prayer

Hymn

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below,
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Responsive Reading: Psalm 100

LEADER: Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.

SCHOOL: *Serve the Lord with gladness, come before his presence with singing.*

LEADER: Know ye that the Lord, he is God.
It is he that hath made us and not we ourselves.

SCHOOL: *We are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.*

LEADER: Enter into his gates with thanksgiving,
SCHOOL: *And into his courts with praise.*
LEADER: Be thankful unto him and bless his name,
ALL: FOR THE LORD IS GOOD, HIS MERCY IS EVERLASTING, AND HIS TRUTH ENDURETH TO ALL GENERATIONS.

Offering and Response

Hymn

We plough the fields and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and watered
By God's almighty hand;
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes and the sunshine,
And soft refreshing rain.

REFRAIN:

All good things around us
Are sent from God above;
Then thank the Lord, Oh, thank the Lord
For all His love.

He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey Him,
By Him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, His children,
He gives our daily bread.

Story

Dismissal for Classes

THEME FOR DECEMBER: "GOOD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY"

Processional March

Several Christmas hymn-tunes in four-four time and in the same or related keys.

Call to Worship

Hark, the glad sound! The Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

—*Philip Doddridge.*

Prayer

Hymn

Watchman, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.
Traveller, o'er yon mountain's height
See that glory-beaming star.
Watchman, does its beauteous ray
Aught of joy or hope foretell?
Traveller, yes; it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.

Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveller, darkness takes its flight:
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Travellor, lo, the Prince of Peace,
Lo, the Son of God is come.

Responsive Reading

LEADER: Break forth into joy, sing together, ye waste places of Jerusalem; for the Lord hath comforted his people, he hath redeemed Jerusalem!

SCHOOL: *For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life.*

LEADER: For unto us a child is born,
Unto us a Son is given;
And the government shall be upon his shoulders:

SCHOOL: AND HIS NAME SHALL BE CALLED, WONDERFUL, COUNSELLOR, MIGHTY GOD, EVERLASTING FATHER, PRINCE OF PEACE.

Hymn

Away in a manger,
No crib for His bed,
The little Lord Jesus
Laid down His sweet head;
The stars in the sky
Looked down where He lay,
The little Lord Jesus,
Asleep on the hay.

The cattle are lowing,
The poor Baby wakes,
But little Lord Jesus,
No crying He makes.
I love Thee, Lord Jesus,
Look down from the sky,
And stay by my side
Until morning is nigh.

Offering and Response

Hymn:
"It Came Upon the Midnight Clear."

Story

Dismissal for Classes

THEME FOR JANUARY: "HIGH RESOLVE"

Processional March

Call to Worship

Look up and not down;
Look forward and not back;
Look out and not in;
And lend a hand.

—*Edward Everett Hale.*

Prayer

Hymn

I would be true, for there are those who trust me;
I would be pure, for there are those who care;
I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;
I would be brave, for there is much to dare,
I would be brave, for there is much to dare.

I would be friend of all—the foe, the friendless;
I would be giving, and forget the gift;
I would be humble, for I know my weakness;
I would look up, and laugh, and love, and lift,
I would look up, and laugh, and love, and lift.

Responsive Reading

LEADER: Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the wicked,
Nor standeth in the way of sinners,
Nor sitteth in the seat of scoffers;
But his delight is in the law of the Lord.

SCHOOL: *Blessed are they that keep his testimonies,*
That seek him with the whole heart.

LEADER: Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

SCHOOL: *Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.*

LEADER: Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things

are honourable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.

ALL: FORGETTING THE THINGS WHICH ARE BEHIND, AND STRETCHING FORWARD TO THE THINGS WHICH ARE BEFORE, I PRESS ON TOWARD THE GOAL UNTO THE PRIZE OF THE HIGH CALLING OF GOD IN CHRIST JESUS.

Offering and Response

Hymn

Dare to be brave, dare to be true,
Strive for the right, for the Lord is with you;
Fight with sin bravely, fight and be strong,
Christ is your Captain, fear only what's wrong.

REFRAIN:

Fight, then, good soldiers, fight and be brave,
Christ is your Captain, mighty to save.

Dare to be brave, dare to be true,
God is your Father, He watches o'er you.
He knows your trials; when your heart quails,
Call Him to rescue, His grace never fails.

THEME FOR FEBRUARY: "HEROIC LIFE"

Processional Hymn

Stand up, stand up for Jesus, Ye soldiers of the cross!
Lift high His royal banner, It must not suffer loss:
From victory unto victory His army shall He lead,
Till every foe is vanquished and Christ is Lord, indeed.

REFRAIN:

Stand up for Jesus, Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner, it must not, It must not suffer loss.

Stand up, stand up for Jesus! The trumpet call obey,
Forth to the mighty conflict In this His glorious day:
Ye that are men now serve Him Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger, And strength to strength oppose.

Call to Worship

Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord.
Give thanks unto the Lord: call upon his name;
Make known his deeds among the people.

Prayer

Hymn

O beautiful for spacious skies, For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties Above the fruited plain!
America, America, God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for heroes proved In liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved, And mercy more than life.
America, America, may God thy gold refine,
Till all success be nobleness and every gain divine.

Responsive Reading

LEADER: Righteousness exalteth a nation,
But sin is a reproach to any people. Thus saith the Scripture.
Let us hear the words of George Washington on national righteousness:

SCHOOL: *Let us, then, as a nation, be just—observe good faith toward all nations, cultivate peace and harmony with all, and give to mankind the example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence.*

LEADER: Let us also hear the words of Abraham Lincoln:

SCHOOL: *With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; . . . to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations.*

LEADER: In the spirit of our beloved heroes, we will salute the American flag and pledge allegiance:

ALL: I PLEDGE ALLEGIANCE TO THE FLAG OF THE UNITED STATES, AND TO THE REPUBLIC FOR WHICH IT STANDS; ONE NATION, INDIVISIBLE, WITH LIBERTY AND JUSTICE FOR ALL.

Hymn

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

LEADER: We will salute the Christian flag and pledge allegiance:

ALL: I PLEDGE ALLEGIANCE TO THE CHRISTIAN FLAG, AND TO THE SAVIOUR FOR WHOSE KINGDOM IT STANDS; ONE BROTHERHOOD, UNITING ALL MANKIND IN SERVICE AND IN LOVE.

Hymn

Who is on the Lord's side?
Who will serve the King?
Who will be His helpers
Other lives to bring?
Who will leave the world's side?
Who will face the foe?
Who is on the Lord's side?
Who for Him will go?
By Thy call of mercy,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine.

LEADER: We will cross the flags and sing a prayer for our nation:

Hymn

Christ for America! Father above,
Hear us in prayer for the nation we love.
Goodness and mercy be ever her aim;
This we would ask in the dear Saviour's name. Amen.

Offering

Prayer of Consecration by the Leader

THEME FOR MARCH: "THE KING OF GLORY"

Processional March

Call to Worship

The hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth, for the Father seeketh such to worship him.

Prayer

Response

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts!
Heaven and earth are full of Thee,
Heaven and earth are praising Thee,
O Lord, most high!

Responsive Reading

LEADER: The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof;
The world and they that dwell therein.

SCHOOL: *For he hath founded it upon the seas,*
And established it upon the floods.

LEADER: Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord?
And who shall stand in his holy place?

SCHOOL: *He that hath clean hands and a pure heart;*
Who hath not lifted up his soul unto falsehood,
And hath not sworn deceitfully.

LEADER: He shall receive a blessing from the Lord.

SCHOOL: *And righteousness from the God of his salvation.*

LEADER: Lift up your heads, O ye gates;
And be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors:
And the King of glory will come in.

BOYS: *Who is the King of glory?*

GIRLS: *The Lord, strong and mighty,*
The Lord, mighty in battle.

LEADER: Lift up your heads, O ye gates;
Yea, lift them up, ye everlasting doors:
And the King of glory will come in.

BOYS: *Who is this King of glory?*

ALL: THE LORD OF HOSTS, HE IS THE KING OF GLORY.

Response

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts!
Heaven and earth are full of Thee,
Heaven and earth are praising Thee,
O Lord, most high!

LEADER: The holy Church throughout all the world doth acknowledge thee,

SCHOOL: *Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ;*
Thou art the everlasting Son of the Father.

Hymn

[1] We would see Jesus, lo! His star is shining
Above the stable while the angels sing;
There in a manger on the hay reclining,
Haste, let us lay our gifts before the King.

We would see Jesus, on the mountain teaching,
With all the listening people gathered round;
While birds and flowers and sky above are preaching,
The blessedness which simple trust has found.

We would see Jesus, in the early morning
Still as of old He calleth, "Follow me;"
Let us arise, all meaner service scorning,
Lord, we are Thine, we give ourselves to Thee.

Offering

Response

Father, bless the gift we offer
Unto Thee today.
Use it all for Christ's blest kingdom;
In His name we pray. Amen.

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[1] From *Worship and Song.* Used by permission, Congregational Publishing Society.

THEME FOR APRIL: "NEW LIFE"

Processional March

Call to Worship

LEADER: O come, let us sing unto the Lord;
Let us heartily rejoice in the strength of our salvation.

SCHOOL: *Let the whole creation cry*
Glory to the Lord on high.

Prayer

Hymn

Fairest Lord Jesus, Ruler of all nature,
O Thou of God and man the Son;
Thee will I cherish, Thee will I honour,
Thou, my soul's glory, joy, and crown.

Fair are the meadows, Fairer still the woodlands,
Robed in the blooming garb of spring;
Jesus is fairer, Jesus is purer,
Who makes the woeful heart to sing.

Responsive Reading

LEADER: Consider the wonderful works of God.

SCHOOL: *Who maketh winds his messengers,*
Flames of fire his ministers.

LEADER: Who laid the foundations of the earth,
That it should not be moved forever.

SCHOOL: *He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle,*
And herb for the service of man.

LEADER: Lo, the winter is past;
The flowers appear on the earth;

SCHOOL: *The time of the singing of birds has come.*

LEADER: When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers,
The moon and the stars which thou hast ordained;
What is man that thou art mindful of him?
And the son of man that thou visitest him?

SCHOOL: *The Lord hath been mindful of us; he will bless us.*

LEADER: Herein was the love of God manifested in us, that God hath sent his only begotten Son into the world that we might live through him.

SCHOOL: *In him was life; and the life was the light of men.*

LEADER: Surely, he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows.

SCHOOL: *Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.*

LEADER: I know that my Redeemer liveth, and at last he will stand up upon the earth.

ALL: LET THE WHOLE CREATION CRY
GLORY TO THE LORD ON HIGH.

Hymn

Christ the Lord is risen today, Alleluia!
Sons of men and angels say: Alleluia!
Raise your joys and triumphs high, Alleluia!
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply. Alleluia!

Love's redeeming work is done, Alleluia!
Fought the fight, the battle won; Alleluia!
Death in vain forbids Him rise; Alleluia!
Christ has opened Paradise. Alleluia!

Offering

Response (same as for March)

THEME FOR MAY: "THE GREATEST OF THESE IS LOVE"

Processional Hymn

Love Divine, all love excelling, Joy of heaven, to earth come down;
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling, All Thy faithful mercies crown:
Jesus, Thou art all compassion, Pure, unbounded love Thou art;
Visit us with Thy salvation, Enter every trembling heart.

Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit Into every troubled breast;
Let us all in Thee inherit, Let us find the promised rest;
Take away the love of sinning; Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith as its beginning, Set our hearts at liberty.

Call to Worship

O worship the King, all glorious above,
O gratefully sing his power and his love.

Prayer

Response

Hear our prayer, O Lord,
Hear our prayer, O Lord,
Incline Thine ear to me,
And grant us Thy peace. Amen.

Responsive Reading

LEADER: Be ye kind, one to another.

SCHOOL: *For the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister.*

LEADER: One of the scribes came and asked him, "What commandment is the first of all?"

GIRLS: *Jesus answered, "The first is, Hear O Israel; the Lord our God is one Lord: and thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength.*

BOYS: *The second is this, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. There is none other commandment greater than these.*

ALL: LOVE SUFFERETH LONG AND IS KIND; LOVE ENVIETH NOT; LOVE VAUNTETH NOT ITSELF, IS NOT PUFFED UP, DOTH NOT BEHAVE ITSELF UNSEEMLY, SEEKETH NOT ITS OWN, IS NOT PROVOKED, TAKETH NOT ACCOUNT OF EVIL; REJOICETH WITH THE TRUTH; BEARETH ALL THINGS, BELIEVETH ALL THINGS, HOPETH ALL THINGS, ENDURETH ALL THINGS. LOVE NEVER FAILETH. . . . BUT NOW ABIDETH FAITH, HOPE, LOVE, THESE THREE; AND THE GREATEST OF THESE IS LOVE.

Hymn

Saviour, teach me, day by day,
Love's sweet lesson to obey;
Sweeter lesson cannot be,—
Loving Him who first loved me.
With a childlike heart of love,
At Thy bidding may I move;
Prompt to serve and follow Thee,
Loving Him who first loved me.

Teach me all Thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in Thy grace,
Learning how to love from Thee,
Loving Him who first loved me.

Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe;
Singing, till Thy face I see,
Of His love who first loved me.

Offering

Response (same as for March)

APPENDIX B

SUGGESTED PRAYERS AND MUSICAL RESPONSES FOR THE WORSHIP PROGRAMS

SUGGESTED PRAYER FOR OCTOBER

We thank Thee, dear Father, that Thou art in Thy holy temple and that we are here in Thy presence. And we thank Thee that when we are silent before Thee Thou dost speak to our hearts. Speak to our hearts in this hour, O Father. In days gone by we have not known Thee as we should like to know Thee. Help us to know Thee better, we pray, and to learn Thy law, and Thy will for us. Then as we learn, wilt Thou help us to follow it in our daily lives. We ask in the name of our Lord Jesus, who taught us to pray, saying: (Then follows The Lord's Prayer).

SUGGESTED PRAYER FOR NOVEMBER

Dear Father in Heaven, we thank Thee for Thy great goodness to us. We would sing Thy praise and exalt Thy blessed Name! We thank Thee for our homes and our school and our church. We thank Thee for the many things which Thou hast led people to do to make this city a safe and comfortable place in which to live. And for our dear country,—we are so grateful for it, and all that has gone into it to make us proud of its history: the earnest Pilgrims who founded it, the brave heroes who defended it, the noble leaders who planned it and carried it on. We thank Thee that Thou hast guided in the affairs of our nation and that Thou art ever at hand to guide us. Help us to be worthy of

Thy great goodness, and help us to praise Thee with our lips and with our lives. For Jesus' sake. Amen.

SUGGESTED PRAYER FOR DECEMBER

Dear Father in Heaven, we would praise Thee and thank Thee for sending to us the dear little Lord Jesus to be our Saviour and King. We would ask Thee to help us prepare our hearts to be His throne, and to prepare our voices to sing His praise on Christmas Day. May we fill all the days of this happy season with the deep and abiding happiness that comes from the thought of Thy goodness to us. Help us to think of others and make others happy, just as the Lord Jesus thought of others and made them happy when He was here. We ask it in His name. Amen.

SUGGESTED PRAYER FOR JANUARY

We thank Thee, Father, for the bright new year that is before us, and for the bright, clean page of our lives that we may write. Many times in the year that has gone we have forgotten to do the good things that we should have done, we have made mistakes, and sometimes, O Father, we have even broken some of Thy laws. We are so sorry! But Thou hast promised that if we but turn to Thee, the thought of those things need not spoil the year that is before us. Help us to look up to Thee, and not down to things that are low. Help us to look forward to the new year with all its chances to do good, rather than back at the old. Help us to be brave and pure and true, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

SUGGESTED PRAYER FOR FEBRUARY

Dear Father in Heaven, we thank Thee for the great men Thou hast sent to lead us in America toward freedom and justice and peace. Thou madest them humble to seek Thy will, and Thou gavest them wisdom and strength to do for America what they learned from Thee. As we thank Thee

for the greatness of Washington and Lincoln and other heroic leaders, help us to be like them in the ways that made them great. Make us humble, make us seekers for wisdom, make us trustful, and above all, O Lord, help us to live not for our own gain but for our country and for the world, that freedom, peace and justice may come to all Thy children everywhere; through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

—Rev. Raymond A. McConnell.

SUGGESTED PRAYER FOR MARCH

We would be true worshippers, O Father, and come to Thee in spirit and in truth. All the world is Thine, and we are Thine, and all that we have belongeth unto Thee. Thou art the King of Glory, O Father; and the Lord Christ who came that we might know Thee as Thou art,—He is King of Glory, too. We pray Thee that Thou mayest come into our hearts with all the glory of Thy perfect goodness. Help us to lift up any door that may be keeping Thee from entering our hearts. Take away any hidden sin, and any evil desire that separates us from Thee. Help us to see Jesus more perfectly and to follow Him more wholeheartedly. Be present with us in this hour, O God, and help us to be such as Thou dost seek to worship Thee. In the name of Christ Jesus we ask it. Amen.

SUGGESTED PRAYER FOR APRIL

O Lord, who hast made the world so beautiful and bright, so that our hearts sing for joy, we would thank Thee for life. For the sunshine and the rain after winter's snow and ice; for the birds returning from the Southland, and the grass from its winter's sleep; for the buds on the trees and the promise of flowers and fruits; and for eyes and ears and minds to see and hear and understand the glorious new life coming forth by Thy laws of growth, we thank Thee. But most of all we thank Thee, Father, for our risen and living Friend, Jesus Christ, who by that same will of Thine didst

seem to die but is alive in all the world forever, and in our hearts this day to tell us of Thee and to make us love Thee. In His name and for His sake we praise Thee in our songs and in our prayers. Amen.

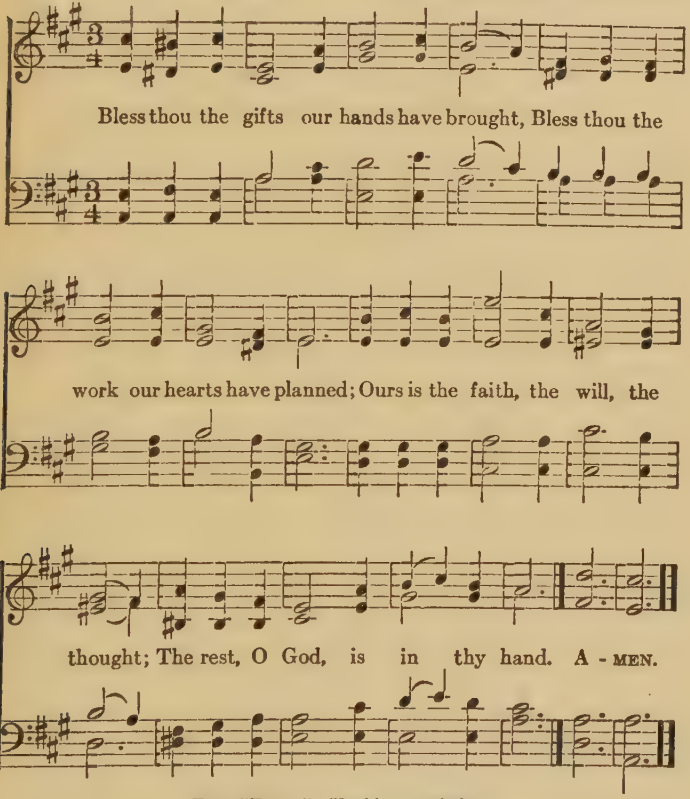
—Rev. Raymond A. McConnell.

SUGGESTED PRAYER FOR MAY

O Lord, Thou art the One to whom we look for all the richest joys of life. We thank Thee that Thou hast so filled the earth with evidences of Thy love. We thank Thee for the love of parents and friends that has made our path so pleasant. We know, O God, that since Thou hast loved us so much, we ought also to love one another. Help us to be more loving. Sometimes we have been loving and kind to a few friends whom Thou hast given us, but others we have hated or ignored. This we know is not Thy way, O God, for Thou dost love every person in the world. Help us to have a kindly feeling for every one, to be thoughtful and unselfish. We pray that Thou shouldst open our eyes to all opportunities to be helpful, that we may not pass them by. May the love which we have for Thee and for one another be such that we shall fulfil every law of God and of men. We ask it for Jesus' sake. Amen.

Response After the Offering (I)

Samuel Longfellow, 1886 George W. Chadwick, 1888


Bless thou the gifts our hands have brought, Bless thou the
work our hearts have planned; Ours is the faith, the will, the
thought; The rest, O God, is in thy hand. A - MEN.

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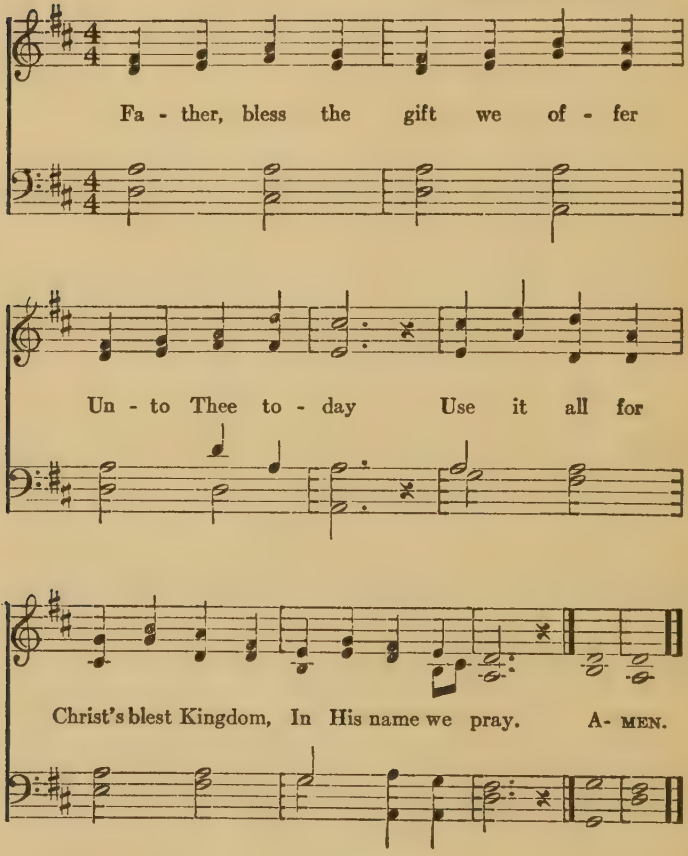
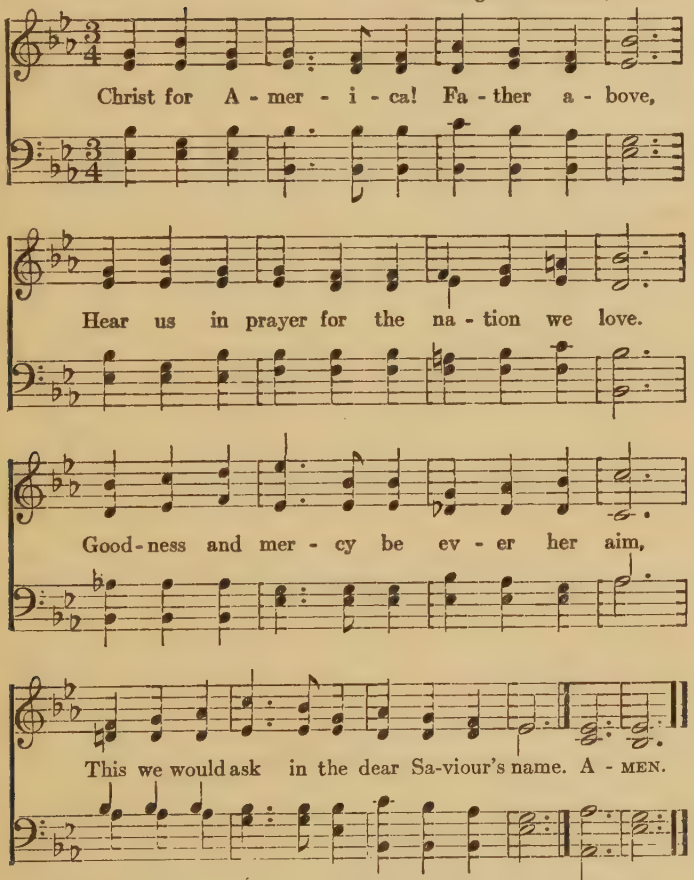
Response After the Offering (II)

Arranged from Reinecke



A Prayer for Our Nation

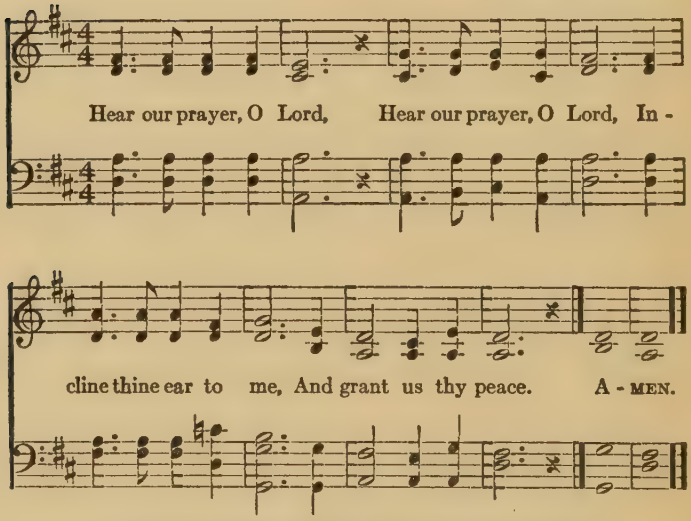
George A. Burdett, 1897


Christ for A - mer - i - ca! Fa - ther a - bove,
Hear us in prayer for the na - tion we love.
Good - ness and mer - cy be ev - er her aim,
This we would ask in the dear Sa-viour's name. A - MEN.

Tune "Caritas," copyright, 1897, by George A. Burdett. Used by permission

Hear Our Prayer, O Lord

George Whelpton



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APPENDIX C

THE CHILDREN AND THE BOOK

(A Pageant for the Closing Exercises)

Scene: The most prominent feature of the scene is a huge Bible through which most of the children enter. This can be made of a large box or frame covered with black crepe paper, with gilt paper letters, "Holy Bible" on the front. The front cover of the book should measure about five feet by three feet. It should be hinged so that it swings outward like a door to admit the children. Curtains make an excellent background. The book is at the back of the platform; there are two other entrances, one at each side of the platform. The only other furniture necessary is a bench, or three chairs, at the extreme left of the platform.

Characters:

PROLOGUE—a girl about eleven years old.

CHURCH—a girl of eleven or older. Church wears a white Grecian robe with a deep blue sash draped over one shoulder and tied on the other side. She wears also a gold or silver paper crown.

BOY—a boy of about ten years.

GIRL—a girl of about nine years.

ANGEL OF THE TORCH—a girl in white Grecian robe. She carries a torch consisting of a large flashlight wrapped in white paper with a twist of yellow paper to represent the flame.

ANGEL OF THE SCROLL—a girl in white Grecian robe. She carries a scroll of heavy white paper in imitation of the old Jewish scrolls of the law.

ANGEL OF THE CANDLESTICK—a girl in white Grecian robe. She carries a seven-branch candlestick.

ANGEL OF THE SHIELD—a girl in white Grecian robe. She

carries a shield made of heavy cardboard and painted to look like silver.

Old Testament Virtues—ten little girls about ten years of age. They wear white dresses and sashes of colored crepe paper, as indicated:

(1) Love for God (I)—red sash.
(2) Love for God (II)—red sash.
(3) Reverence for God's Name—purple sash.
(4) Reverence for God's Day—purple sash.
(5) Respect for Parents—pale yellow sash.
(6) Respect for Human Life—green sash.
(7) Purety—white sash.
(8) Honesty—blue sash.
(9) Truthfulness—blue sash.
(10) Contentment—deep yellow sash.

New Testament Virtues—

Forgiveness—three girls, nine years of age.
Generosity—three ten-year-old boys.
Fair-mindedness—a girl, eleven years of age or older.
Neighbourliness—thirteen boys, about nine or ten years of age.
Humility—four nine-year-old girls.
Courage—three eleven-year-old boys.
Trust—four girls, nine or ten years of age.
Christian Patriotism—two boys.

Prologue

Our Heavenly Father, when the world began,
With tenderness and care created man
A being like Himself, with mind and soul
To think, to feel, to practice self-control,
And ever, as the upward way he trod
To learn to know and understand his God.
All through the years, in ever changing tone,
God spoke to man and tried to guide his choice;
And mankind heard Him speak—first in the storm,
Then in the silence of the still, small voice.

Then bit by bit, as man could understand,
In letters strange and with an eager hand,

He wrote on stone and on the parchment roll
The words that God revealed unto his soul.
Thus grew the Scriptures through the long, long years,
Written sometimes in anguish and in tears,
By poet, prophet, priest, historian grave—
Their songs of praise, their tales about the brave.
Until at last One came—God's own dear Son
(To whom all sinfulness must some day yield).
He lived, he died, he rose again, and lo!
The Heavenly Father was to man revealed.

We love our Bible, by the Father given
To guide our feet in paths that lead to heaven.
To-night, met here within these hallowed walls,
You are to see portrayed how this church calls
The children, bid them take a long, deep look
Within the pages of the sacred Book.
And you shall see, as they, the blessed Light,
And hear the Law from Sinai's mountain grim;
But best of all, the Life that Jesus taught:
And all the glory shall be given to Him.

Pageant

HYMN BY THE SCHOOL: "Lamp of our feet."

(*Enter, Church, from the left.*)

CHURCH (*lifting her arms and calling*): Children!

(*Enter, Boy and Girl, from the right.*)

BOY: Did you call us, O Church?

CHURCH: Yea, children, I would have you see the Book.

GIRL: What book, O Church?

CHURCH: The Book that tells of God, and how He deals with men. (*She makes a gesture that calls attention to the large Bible on the platform.*) Behold, the Bible!

BOY and GIRL (*together*): Oh!

GIRL: We have one of those at home, up on the bookcase.

BOY: And we have one, right on the front room table.

CHURCH: And do you read it?

BOY: Nay, Church, we knew not it was meant for boys and girls.

CHURCH:

The Heavenly Father meant His boys and girls
To read His Book, and live the kind of life
That therein is portrayed. Come, children, come.
The Angels of the Book themselves will show
The beauties there that everyone should know.

(*Church and the children sit down at the extreme left of the platform where they can witness what takes place on the centre. The four Angels of the Book enter from the left and take their places at the back of the platform, two on each side of the Book.*)

ANGEL OF THE TORCH:

We are the Angels of the Book. We come
To open for you now the sacred page.
The Bible is our promise from our God,
And from it comes a clear and shining light—
A light, not only meant to guide our feet,
But bring us happiness and joy as well;
For as the sunbeams dancing on the lawn,
So is the sunshine of our Father's love.

(*At this point there is a big increase in lighting. The lights are so placed that radiance appears to come from around the Book.*)

ANGEL OF THE SCROLL:

Long, long ago on Sinai's lofty height,
God spake to Moses, gave to him the Law;
And somehow, ever since that solemn hour,
Men everywhere have recognized that here
Were ten great rules of life, apart from which
The heart of man finds not the heart of God.

(*Enter, through the opened front cover of the Book, the ten Old Testament Virtues.*)

ANGEL OF THE SCROLL (*continuing*):

Ten maidens here will represent for you
The virtues that the ten great laws enjoin.
Two tell of love for God; two, reverence,
Regard for parents and for human life,
Purety and honesty of deed and word,
And last of all, contentment, that wants not
The things of others.
Hear, ye, the Law:

(*Each of the ten Old Testament Virtues in turn repeats one of the Ten Commandments, the form to be used being that which has been studied in class.*)

HYMN BY THE SCHOOL: "I would be true, for there are those who trust me."

ANGEL OF THE CANDLESTICK:

This Book of books, so full of beautious truth,
Has nothing that so touches every heart
As those dear stories of our blessed Lord:
The things He did in far-off Galilee,
The things He taught His followers to do.

Upon Mount Sinai the Law was given:
Unto another mount our Saviour came
And from its heights He gave a greater law.
Hear, ye, the teachings of our blessed Lord:

(*Enter, through the Book, the three girls representing Forgiveness.*)

FIRST GIRL:

If an unkind thing is done,
If you are the injured one,
Do not let your anger rise,
Do not look with vengeful eyes.
It is better to forgive
And the Master's way to live.

SECOND GIRL: If ye forgive men their trespasses, your Heavenly Father will also forgive you.

THIRD GIRL: Love your enemies; do good to them that hate you.

(*Exeunt, at the right.*)

(*Enter, through the Book, the three boys representing Generosity.*)

FIRST BOY:

Down the highway came a man
And he bore a heavy load.
Now he stops to wipe his brow,
Now he hastens down the road.

Soon along another path
Comes another traveller near,
Till they meet, and speaks the first
In commanding tones and clear:

"Halt! I represent the King;
And this burden given to me
Must be borne to him to-day.
Aid I now demand of thee."

SECOND BOY:

Willingly the man obeyed,
On his shoulder took the load;
And together, on and on,
Down the dusty way they strode.

But at length the messenger
Paused. "'Tis now a mile," said he.
"I release thee; go thy way,
And the Lord God prosper thee."

"Nay, I'll go another mile;
Help is scarce and hard to find."
In surprise the man exclaimed,
"Thank thee, friend, but thou art kind."

"Not in all of Israel
Have I such a kindness seen."
Quietly the other spoke,
"I've been with the Nazarene."

THIRD BOY: Whosoever shall compel thee to go one mile, go with him two.

(*Exeunt, at the right.*)

(*Enter, through the Book, the girl representing Fair-mindedness.*)

FAIR-MINDEDNESS: "Judge not, that ye be not judged," said Jesus. But after all these years of trying to be His followers, we still attempt to pluck the motes from our brothers' eyes without seeing the beams in our own. We call things "common and unclean" that God does not so classify. We look upon our brothers who are of a different race or creed, and too often think we are better than they.

(*Lifting hands and looking upward, as in prayer.*)

O Father God, forgive us that we thought
That we alone were of the chosen race,
Or that we deemed our faltering feet had found
The only pathway to the Throne of Grace.

Make keen our vision, Lord, we pray, until
Our sympathy be world-wide in its scope,
Until thy Church, triumphant, lifts her voice,
Perfect in brother-love, in faith and hope.

(*Exit, Fair-mindedness.*)

(*Enter, through the Book, the thirteen boys representing Neighbourliness. The boys stand in a semi-circle, and each in turn recites a verse of the Good Samaritan story, beginning with Luke 10:25 and continuing to Luke 10:37. After repeating the whole story, the boys leave the platform at the right.*)

(*Enter, through the Book, the four girls representing Humility.*)

First Girl:

Jesus' friends desired to know
Which one should the greatest be
When the Lord's blest Kingdom came,
And He reigned in majesty.

Second Girl:

But He told them they were wrong
When the chiefest seats they sought.
Greatness lay in service done,
Kindly deed and friendly thought.

Third Girl:

Then He took a little child,
In the midst He set him down;
"Childlike trust," the Master said,
"This is greater than a crown."

Fourth Girl: Whosoever shall exalt himself shall be humbled; and whosoever shall humble himself shall be exalted.

(*Exeunt, at the right.*)

(*Enter, through the Book, three boys representing Courage.*)

First Boy:

Wild the night on Galilee;
Loudly roared the angry sea,
When upon the tossing wave
Jesus walked, his own to save:
Calmed the tumult by his will,
Only saying, "Peace, be still."
Ruler of the storm was he,
On the raging Galilee.[1]

[1] This stanza is from a hymn by William F. Sherwin.

SECOND BOY: Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid.

THIRD BOY: Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.

(*Exeunt, at the right.*)

(*Enter, four girls representing Trust.*)

FIRST GIRL:

Lilies are so beautiful
In their dresses fair.
Jesus used them long ago
To teach our Father's care.

SECOND GIRL:

Beneath the spreading heaven
No creature but is fed;
And He who feeds the ravens
Will give His children bread.[1]

THIRD GIRL:

So we will not be anxious
For things to eat and wear.
We'll seek our Father's Kingdom,
And trust His loving care.

FOURTH GIRL: Seek ye first his Kingdom and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.

(*Exeunt, at the right.*)

(*Enter, the two boys representing Christian Patriotism. They give the little dialogue called "Matriotism." See Lesson 25. They should come in at the left, not through the Book, as they are not interpreting Scripture. They go off at the right.*)

ANGEL OF THE SHIELD:

Thus in your homes and in your country, too,
And throughout all the world, this simple rule

[1] This stanza is from a hymn by William Cowper.

Of love fulfils all law; and if it could
But rule the hearts and minds of all mankind,
'Twould bring the world to peace and happiness.
And Jesus Christ, the Prince of Peace,—He wants
The love and loyalty of boys and girls,
To work His will, and help to bring to pass
His Kingdom on the earth.

(*Exeunt, at the left, the Angels of the Book.*)

GIRL (*very earnestly*): Oh, if we could only *see* Jesus!

CHURCH:

With earthly eyes we cannot see our Lord;
But we can always see him with our hearts,
And in our minds the blessed picture form.
The artists—they who with their hearts and minds
Have seen most clearly—they have left for us
Great paintings that help us to see our Lord.
Behold, how Art interpreteth the Word.

HYMN BY THE SCHOOL, illustrated by stereopticon slides, as indicated:

We would see Jesus, lo! his star is shining
Above the stable while the angels sing;
There in a manger on the hay reclining,
Haste, let us lay our gifts before the King.
(Wise Men Guided by Star—Warren)
(The Nativity—Stueler)

We would see Jesus, Mary's son most holy,
Light of the village life from day to day;
Shining revealed through every task most lowly,
The Christ of God, the Life, the Truth, the Way.
(The Childhood of Jesus—Hofmann)

We would see Jesus, on the mountain teaching,
With all the listening people gathered round;
While birds and flowers and sky above are preaching
The blessedness which simple trust has found.
(The Sermon on the Mount—Tissot)

We would see Jesus, in His work of healing,
At eventide before the sun was set;
Divine and human in His deep revealing,
Of God and man in loving service met.
(Christ the Great Healer—Max)

We would see Jesus; in the early morning
Still as of old He calleth, "Follow Me."
Let us arise, all meaner service scorning,
Lord, we are Thine, we give ourselves to Thee!
(Christ and the Fisherman—Zimmerman)

(*Church and Children rise and go to centre of platform.*)

BOY: We thank you, Church, that you have shown the Book
And pointed out the beauties that are there.

GIRL: And for the music and the art, dear Church;
They make the Book seem yet more beautiful.

BOY: Yes, Church, we thank you much for all these things,
And coming often to your friendly doors
For help and inspiration, we will try
To live the kind of life that you have taught.

CHURCH: Oh, may the Heavenly Father give me grace
To show to you the way.
(*Lifting hands in benediction.*)
The Lord bless thee and keep thee,
The Lord make his face to shine upon thee and be gracious unto thee.
The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee and give thee peace.

CURTAIN.

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